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ANTHOLOGY  
OF NEWSPAPER VERSE

FOR 1920

BY

FRANKLIN PIERRE DAVIS

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ANTHOLOGY  
OF  
NEWSPAPER VERSE  
FOR 1920

Edited by  
FRANKLIN PIERRE DAVIS

*Enid, Oklahoma*  
FRANK P. DAVIS, PUBLISHER  
MGMXXI.

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*By Frank P. Davis*

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## BOOKS BY DR. DAVIS

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### VERSE

The Rubiyat of Omar Khayyam.

### ANTHOLOGIES

The Anthology of Newspaper Verse.  
for 1919

The Doctor; His Book of Poems.

### PROSE

How To Collect A Doctor's Bill  
(Also Medical Books)

## ACKNOWLEDGMENT

I desire to express my obligation to the authors and to the publishers of the newspapers for their kind permission to make use of the material in this book.



## PREFACE

In compiling a book of this nature we must not assume that all poets, or all men and women with a vision, have congregated in the more thickly populated centers. Neither is it fair to hold that verse, to be accepted as true poetry, must come through certain prescribed mediums. I know of no reason why we may not hope to find a true poet—a budding Milton, if you please—in the back recesses of the country, where the fox-squirrel sports on the top rail of the worm-fence, and the bob-o-link sings his lay to his mate as he rests on the zephyr-swayed reed near where the shadows sleep in the quivering pool. All the brains of the world, fortunately, do not appear in one generation, and all the stream of true poetry does not necessarily flow through one channel.

There are certain elements that may be considered essential in poetry. The more prominent of these are beauty and truth. The truth of poetry, however, is not to be compared to the truth in history. The truth in history deals with facts, while facts are not essential to the truth in poetry. Poetry is the shadow of things real. Whatever seems to the poet to be true, is true. Though a thing never existed it is none the less possible to the poet. Many writers fall into the error of thinking that a rhymed statement of fact is poetry. Others make the mistake of accepting a play on words—perfect construction—as the essentials of true poetry. Real poetry, like faith, is “evidence of things not seen.”

The shadows that bring to the mind of the reader the substance of the poet's dreams, is poetry. The poet sees light and shadow, tints and colors, beauty and desolation where others do not, and his ability to weave his vision into a warp of words of rhythmic sound, on the loom of dreams, marks his position as a poet.

Two things are kept uppermost in selecting material for this work, those poems that mark a high order of poetic beauty and structure, and those that best voice the thoughts and sentiments of our people. To this is added the better humorous, sentimental and juvenile poems.

From the newspaper verse of 1920, we glean that there has been a decided reaction in the minds of our people from the interest in foreign lands and foreign scenes, so

manifest in the verse of the last few years. The "homing" instinct is evident from the large number of poems dealing with home scenes and localities.

There seems to be a strong religious or spiritual trend among our people, as there was a greatly increased number of poems of a spiritual nature during the year.

There has been a decided decrease in the number of poems on the war. Most of those published in 1920 were of a high order, and dealt more with the memory of the soldier that has gone on, and with the welfare of those who were permitted to return.

The National election failed to produce the number of poems that one would have expected in such an intense campaign. Some women took their enfranchisement seriously and voiced their feelings in verse. There were but few partisan political poems, and the most of these did not possess sufficient merit to warrant their preservation. I am including two of the best of this class—one from a Northern Republican paper and one from a Southern Democratic paper. These contain about all the satire and venom that the future historian will need to enable him to realize the intensity of the campaign.

Toward the close of the year the Near East Child Relief brought out quite a number of poems dealing with the starving condition of the children of Central Europe and the movement to raise a large fund to feed them.

The Prohibition law and its enforcement was the cause of much alleged poetry. Some of these of a more humorous trend are included. The noticeable thing about this poetry, however, was the fact that nearly three-fourths of it appeared in the Chicago papers.

The usual amount of sentimental and humorous verse appeared during the year, and perhaps more juvenile verse than usual, much of it of a high order.

From the verse of the year we learn that the things uppermost in the mind and heart of our people were: (1) Their home or some familiar locality, (2) A more pronounced spiritual or religious feeling, (3) The memory of our fallen soldiers and the betterment of the conditions of those who returned, (4) The National election and Woman's place in politics, (5) The Prohibition law, (6) The Near East Relief, and (7) The sentimental longing of the heart. The historian may secure a clearer idea of the thought of

our people from the contemporary newspaper verse than from any other source. It is even possible to disclose the abode of a writer by the metaphor he uses. Each writer finds words descriptive of the locality in which he resides, and, after all, it is the undertone, the afterglow, in poetry as in music that makes it worth while.

The present volume contains the gleanings from more than two thousand newspaper poems that appeared during the year. The Year-Book is omitted. It is practically impossible to list all the verse appearing in American newspapers without taking up more space than the value of the material would warrant.

Poetry should be seasonable. Newspaper verse is always fresh and timely. It is not necessary for freshness that the poet should wait until the blue bird returns in May before singing of beautiful spring; he can weave the fabrics of his dreams when the snow and sleet are sealing up his doors and yet picture to us the beauties of the bluebells or remind us of the love-song of the cat-bird in the thicket. And timeliness does not mean that the poem must be written on the same day or in the same year that the event occurred. A thousand years means nothing in the timeliness of a poem if the poet can command words expressive of conditions that existed at the time of which he dreams. There must be as many kinds of poems as there are individual dreamers—a thought well expressed by Horace (Art of Poetry):

Poems, like pictures, are of different sorts,  
Some better at a distance, others near;  
Some love the dark, some choose the clearest light,  
And boldly challenge the most piercing eye;  
Some please for once, some forever please.

*Franklyn Pierre Davis*

*Enid, Oklahoma.*  
1921.

JANUARY 1, 1920.

Pretty Baby! Hope begotten,  
We can think of none but you;  
For the old year is forgotten  
When we're welcoming the new.

Pretty Baby! There is laughter  
In your eyes, you little cuss.  
We can't dream of sad hereafter  
When you slyly look at us.

Pretty Baby! You are smiling.  
Will you ever learn to scold?  
Are you simply hope beguiling?  
Will you love us when you're old?

Pretty Baby! Bring us plenty!  
May your days our ailments cure!—  
Kiss us *now*, dear Nineteen-Twenty!  
"Youth's a stuff will not endure!"

*Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger*    *Grif Alexander.*



## THE SANTA FE FIESTA.

Clad in the garb of history  
Or dressed in dazzling romance,  
Shrouded in subtlest mystery  
Or born from the love of chance,  
Linked to the fortunes of white men,  
Forged in the red men's veins,  
Battle or search of fight men,  
Product of soul or brains  
Flows like the Father of Waters  
In the blood of the sons of men  
Beats in the breasts of their daughters  
Those deeds that shall live again!

And whether in far off Asia  
Or 'neath Troy's fabled wall,  
Or whether the Greek in Persia,  
Or Caesar against the Gaul,  
Or whether Phoenecian trader  
On the shores of sunny Spain,  
Or whether the Roman raider  
Looking to Britain again,  
Or whether the flood of the Viking  
Pouring o'er icy seas,  
Or a thousand other high kings  
Bringing the weak to their knees,  
Or under the lure of the New World  
Sailing the Spanish main  
With galleon sails unfurled  
And golden fish in their seine,  
Or whether the Saxon's north embrace,  
Or under the Yukon spell,  
The human race, with forward face  
Its triumph forever will tell.

So we sing of arms and the hero,  
Adelantados who dared to begin,  
Martyrs as those under Nero  
Who died for another one's sin.  
Drama of soldier compadre,  
Drama of first pioneer,  
Drama of priest and of padre  
Those who died never with fear!  
Drama of white and of red men,

Drama of bold sacrifice,  
Drama of live and of dead men,  
Drama of foolish and wise.  
Drama of men wild as Tartars,  
Drama of fables and wraiths,  
Drama of Cross of the Martyrs,  
Those who died for their faiths.  
Drama of blood and heroics,  
Men who were doing their best,  
Cowing the eyes of the stoics,  
Blazing a light in the west!

These we will sing of at morning,  
Under a turquoise dome,  
These will we help in adorning  
Here in their history's home.  
Never a setting was brighter,  
Than under las mismas skies,  
Never the atmosphere lighter  
Than here where the mountains rise.  
Sangre de Christo in glory—  
Bleeding arroyos in red—  
Stranger than fable or story,  
Seen e'er the autumn is sped.  
Here by the Palace of History  
Here in the Heart of Romance,  
Here where the subtlest mystery  
Helps this great drama enhance;  
Here when the twilight has faded,  
Under the star-studded way,  
Romance by Truth has been aided,  
In the story of old Santa Fe.  
Flows like the Father of Waters  
In the blood of the sons of men,  
Beats in the breasts of their daughters  
Those deeds that shall live again!

*The New Mexican.*

*Charles S. Rawls.*

### SEPTEMBER.

An afternoon more calm has never shone.  
The caterpillar labors through the grass;  
The garden spider, splendid on her throne,  
Heeds not the puffs of wind that overpass  
And shake her citadel; with downward head

She keeps her only watch, indifferent  
To time. The ghostly smoke that curls from dead  
Damp leaves heaped by the wall is indolent  
In all its ways. And quiet sounds are meet:  
The worker's thoughtful whistle here or there,  
A wagon creaking through the shady street,  
A gentle whinny trembling in the air,  
The sparrow's cheep, and sweeter than all these,  
The old-knife-grinder's bell on the light breeze.

*Chicago Tribune.*

*A. B.*

### THE HEAT DEVIL'S DANCE.

Where thin banks of hoary, stunted sage  
Fringe the dull—gray mecca's swift decline,  
Toward the wastrel desert's hospitage,  
Where the guests are served with alkaline,  
Devils hold their gruesome matinees—  
Celebrate their ancient trysting days—  
Gliding lightly evermore  
O'er the desert's sanded floor,  
Rise and fall their padded feet  
In a rhythmic, steady beat,  
To the music of unearthly, frightful airs—  
Wand'ring waif-notes 'scaped from dying groans and  
prayers.

And you cease to follow up the gleam:  
Then their streaming crimson wine they brew—  
Roast by heat of sun their barbecue—  
Gliding lightly evermore  
O'er the desert's sanded floor,  
Rise and fall their padded feet  
In a rhythmic, steady beat,  
To the music of unearthly, frightful airs—  
Wand'ring waif-notes 'scaped from dying groans and  
prayers.

Still Death Valley spreads its dun barrage  
Round that lurid, burning lake of hell;  
Still it lures men with its calm mirage,  
Where the rising heat-waves fierce upswell:  
Where the locoed spirits westward gaze  
And the mocking devils thread the maze—  
Gliding lightly evermore  
O'er the desert's sanded floor,



Rise and fall their padded feet  
In a rhythmic, steady beat,  
To the music of unearthly, frightful airs—  
Wand'ring waif-notes 'scaped from dying groans and  
prayers.

*Minneapolis Tribune.*

*Carter J. Greenwood.*

## ON THE PASSING OF THE LAST FIRE HORSE FROM MANHATTAN ISLAND.

I remember the cleared streets, the strange suspense  
As if a thunder-storm were under way;  
Magnificently furious, hurrying thence,  
The fire-eyed horses racing to the fray;  
Out of old Homer where the heroes are,  
Beating upon the whirlwind thunderous hoofs,  
Wild horses and plumed Ajax in his car:  
Oh, in those days we still possess the proofs  
Men battled shouting by the gates of Troy,  
'Tis a land of luring, lurking death,  
Where these dancing devils rule supreme:  
There they twist a compress on your breath.  
With shields of triple brass and spears of flame.  
With what distended nostrils, what fierce joy,  
What ring on stone and steel, those horses came.  
Like horses of gods that whirl to the dawn's burning,  
They came, and they are gone, and unreturning.  
*New York Evening Post.*      *Kenneth Slade Alling.*

## THE PEERLESS PRINCESS. (Wichita, Kans.)

On the plains eternal  
At the meeting of the waters,  
Camped the Princess, peerless princess  
Fairest of the prairie's daughters.  
Looking deep into the river  
At the mirrored clouds slow sailing;  
Weaving dreams and singing softly  
While the twilight glow was paling,  
Dreaming on in veils of night mist  
Distant sound of vague commotion.

Seemed to echo on the water  
Like a distant breaking ocean;  
And the footsteps of a thousand  
Seemed to mingle with the murmur  
Of the night breeze rising, sighing.  
While across the river further  
Dimly visioned through the shadows  
Rose tall towers, strangely builded;  
While from out them eyes, clear gleaming  
With bright paths the water gilded.  
Turned the princess then in wonder  
Stirred again the glowing embers;  
Heard the mighty voice of thunder,  
Saw the forks of lightning flashing:  
For a moment saw the vastness  
Of the prairie, and the rushing  
Of the river to the unknown;  
Felt the life of things eternal  
On the silent plains untraveled,  
And rejoiced to see the coming  
Of a race, strong, free, untrammelled.

*Wichita Eagle.*

*D. Messenger.*

### DENVER TOWN.

Oh! Denver town is Denver town,  
Beyond the mind's forgetting;  
An eagle's eyrie poised on high,  
Within a golden setting.  
And oh! the cool of early dawn/  
When first the birds are calling;  
And oh! the hush that covers her  
When evening's shades are falling.

O'er England's fields the lark may trill,  
And fair be Scotland's heather  
Like ghosts the mists or rugged Wales  
Blow hither and blow thither.  
And if you hide in Ireland's glens  
You'll see, they say, the fairies;  
But oh! the longing in my heart  
For the unending prairies.

The restless seas, the city's strife,  
May please, perhaps, another;  
But I would see the Rockies rise,  
Titan by Titan brother.  
And I would watch the mountains' child,  
The columbine, whom teases  
The cottonwood, with messages  
Borne lightly on the breezes.

Oh! Denver town has called to me  
As a maiden to her lover;  
And I would throw my knapsack down  
And be no more a rover.  
For Denver town is Denver town  
And all the world's fine places  
Count less, as speed the years away,  
Than home and friendly faces.

*Rocky Mountain News.*

*Howard Sutherland*

## MOUNTAIN BORN.

My soul, that knows the mountain lure,  
Finds strength in far-off harmonies,  
From grand old mountains that endure,  
And tall, strong, Heaven-singing trees.

When softer, sweeter, grow the strains,  
The sun is sinking, daylight flies,  
The gray, dim vale my heart disdains,  
While sunset on the mountain dies.

Still softer sadder, homesick heart,  
The purple twilight dimly falls;  
Both wrapped in night, tho far apart,  
The mountain to my being calls.

My mission draws me forth to roam,  
In answer to its impulse, far,  
But I shall one day turn towards home,  
To rest beneath that high clear star.

To rest where God's eternal hills,  
Thru night and day their calm watch keep—  
Today some purple aster thrills  
While angels choose where I shall sleep!

*The Denver Post.*

*Lena M. T. Clark.*

### BEYOND TATOOSH LIGHT

The night time is upon the world.  
The sea, with phosphorescence pearled,  
Is calm, but where the vessels make  
Smooth swells into a churning wake.  
The rhythmic rolling of the ship  
Grows less, as surges past her slip.

The night is fair. The ocean croon  
A luminous old lover's moon  
Is shining on the watery lea  
And lighting the surrounding sea.  
The old Pacific casts its spell  
And says with purling voice, "All's well."

*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

*Helen Emma Maring.*

## FROM A TOWER IN MAY.

(Poet's Seat Tower, Greenfield, Mass.)

A tower I know, ah, far away  
In springtime where the breezes play,  
O'er which the heavens, deeply blue,  
Shine softly in their lovely hue,  
Where robins jubilantly sing  
And skylarks, gaily on the wing,  
Pause oft to warble and declare  
New England here is very fair.

The picturesque, the peaceful scene,  
The noble trees, so fresh and green,  
The tumbling rocks, the view afar—  
How wonderful these beauties are!  
O therefore he who in delight  
May dream sometimes at such a height  
Above the world, its sordid dust,  
Must feel its richer joy and trust!

What ideals must be his to know  
Who pauses here, the earth below  
Spread like a picture at his feet!  
Arbutus blooming fresh and sweet  
Must tell him that the May once more  
Waits, like a comrade, at his door  
To walk with him, where'er he would,  
O'er hills and vales or through the wood.

Who dwells in lofty heights like this  
Must truly know a deeper bliss  
Than he who seeks no noble height  
In which to grow and find new sight;  
He must be nobler than the soul  
Who dreams no dreams, who seeks no goal,  
He must be kind, he must be strong,  
His heart a sweet and lilting song.

So would I find for me a tower  
In which to bide a quiet hour  
And ponder o'er the beauteous things  
Of which the skylark sings and sings.  
Dream out the songs to help a friend  
To some dear, cherished, longed-for end,

And think of all my blessings here  
Upon this golden hemisphere.

Here would I take the message kind  
Some thoughtful heart with me in mind  
Had written, clipped, or smiling, sent  
With such a happy fond intent —  
To help me grow or make me gay,  
My path a flowery, fragrant way.  
O let us wing to some dear height  
Of soul each day and see the Light!

O let us try to grow and give  
Of our sweet riches as we live  
And make each other happier,  
Yes, than we ever, ever were!  
Let's be true-hearted, let's be swift  
To share our joy, to help and lift.  
O let's not be like strangers here  
But more like comrades, kind and dear!

*Greenfield Daily Recorder.*

*Myrtella Southerland.*

### THE CLOCK OF CORNELL.

The college clock heralds the mid-night hour,  
I count each stroke of the vibrant bell.  
As it breaks the hush, from the lofty tower,  
And wraps the night in a hallowed spell.

Through the studded space brief echoes wander  
In dulcet tones and are borne away,  
While the startled hills reflect and ponder,  
Over the lake and the dreaming day.

Soft tremors and lisping quavers follow  
The charming sounds, with a soothing thrill,  
Through the brilliant walls of slope and hollow,  
Where silence slumbers serene and still.

It has gone and a void so strangely seeming,  
Like a haunted cavern deep and vast.  
As the precious hour, beyond redeeming,  
Is swept in the darkness and the past.

Why are your warnings flung wide, old tower?  
Or what do you say, with pleading tone?  
As the bell announces each passing hour,  
That narrows the the gap to realms unknown.

I fancy your hands are beckoning all,  
Through mists and shadows, to not delay,  
But answer in earnest life's early call,  
Lest the sands of Time soon slip away.

The days are as steps to summits leading,  
Crossing the span of the yawning years,  
And methinks each stroke is a parting pleading,  
To unstirred hearts and to heedless ears.

*Ithaca Journal-News.*

*George Sands Johnson.*

## THE STORM.

With wave on wave whitecapped and wild and strong,  
The waters roar and moan with dismal song.  
The spray-filled air along the windy beach  
Is carried by the gales that wail and screech,  
Across the drift, and to the seaside way.  
Where it is lost. The winds whine through the spray,  
And whistle by in mighty gusts of force.  
The rolling breakers tumble in their course.

I love the storm so turbulent and free!  
I love the storm—it moves the heart of me.  
My heart is with the Sound that ever stirs,  
With waves that live like carefree wanderers,  
And roam from place to place in drifting tides  
That change from day to day. My joys abides  
In living near the waves that never rest.  
Of Puget's moods, the stormy one is best.

*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

*Helen Emma Maring.*

## NOTHING IN THE PARK?

"There's nothing in the Park,"  
I just heard someone say—  
He must be deaf and dumb and blind,  
For I was there today;  
I held a tiny breathing bird  
Within my very hand  
And other birds flew friendly near,  
'Twas just like fairy-land.  
I saw the interlacing boughs  
Against a sunset glow,  
I saw a tiny fairy cave,  
'Twas chiseled in the snow:  
I'm sure I felt a breath o' spring  
Within the keen cool air;  
I looked and looked and looked around  
And God was everywhere.

*Buffalo Commercial.*

*Alice Baker.*

## ROSE GARDEN: JACKSON PARK.

At the Sun's touch, behold,  
I wake to happiness.  
In symphonies of crimson, white and gold  
My joy do I express.  
And they who pass without the wall of green  
That bounds my dwelling fair,  
By magic sympathy shall feel unseen  
My presence in the air,  
And happier they shall be to know that I am there.

*Chicago Evening Post.*

*George Steele Seymour.*

## MAY IN ENGLAND.

Come with me down the lane where the branches  
meet overhead  
The beautiful fragrant hawthorne with its blossoms  
white and red.  
Can this be earth, I wonder? It seems like a fairy  
grove—



For even beneath the hedges lie thick with treasure  
     trove.  
 Beautiful May in England! Over the garden's wall  
 Laburnum, lilac, hawthorne from which the blossoms  
     fall—  
 White, purple, yellow and pink, among the colors I see  
 As a long past May in England comes back to my heart  
     and me.  
 Are you wearing the oak leaf? Woe betide you  
     unless.  
 For this is the day King Charlie hid on the oaks tree's  
     breast.  
 And his friends now carry a nettle, and also sting for  
     me,  
 If I should have forgotten to carry some oak with me.  
 Ah! Ah! Days of yore beloved, ye come back again to  
     my heart,  
 I am once again a small child—till my eyes begin to  
     smart—  
 As I think of my well beloved who walked down the  
     lane with me,  
 Who have now walked on before me and crossed the  
     Crystal Sea!  
 Beautiful, beautiful England—fragrant with blossoms  
     in May!  
 You are living again in my memory, I shall never forget  
     you. Nay.

*Buffalo Express.*

*Phoebe A. Naylor.*

### OCTOBER ON A MAINE RIVER.

The blood of maples on the autumn sky,  
 And dead leaves drifting, drifting to the sea:  
 Now, to the year Time makes his old reply,  
 Nothing on earth shall live immortally.  
 The burst of glory on a dying face,  
 Of one who sees beyond, some haven far;  
 Lit with the spring-light of another place  
 And silver winds blown from another star.

Now beauty burns in gold on every hill  
And changes not her warm imperial way:  
There is no sadness here, whate'er men say—  
Beauty departing is yet beauty still.  
*New York Evening Post.*      *Kenneth Slade Alling.*

### THE OLD DISCARDED MILL.

Eloquent, though so still,  
It stands by the fretting shoals,—  
The old discarded mill,  
Of the days that tried men's souls;  
Of the days when the water's flow  
First turned its wonderful wheel;  
Of a hundred years ago,  
When wood was King of Steel.

Of the roof and the old mill-race  
The storms of the years have left  
But a semblance and a trace;—  
Yet the stream sweeps on, bereft!—  
Why sit by the foaming shoals,  
O man, while the mills decay?  
Give wings to your shrinking souls!  
Arise and achieve—today!

Alone in the woods it stands,  
Enwrapped in a gray-mist dream  
That man will return whose hands  
Will harness it to the stream.—  
For the mill's with the stream in love,  
And the stream with the mill, as well!  
The water the wheel above  
Would be, there its love to tell!

Came one from the city's heart  
Who loved as loves the sun;—  
Saw the mill and stream apart,  
And joined them again as one!—  
As a man finds the sweetest words  
When close to his heart she's pressed,  
So the water sings now with the birds;—  
It again has the wheel caressed!

*Atlanta Constitution.*

*James Hampton Lee.*

## ALONG THE DESPLAINES.

At eve, in lovely Thatcher Wood,  
Beneath its oldest elm I stood,  
And as the shadows gathered round,  
And Silence her soft mosses found  
And slept, I mused and seemed to note  
An Indian in a birchen boat  
Drift down the stream and lightly land;  
And lo! I heard, more near at hand,  
A step, as through the leaves a maid  
(An elder sister to the shade)  
Went by me, calling in a tongue  
Was old when this old world was young.  
And if I did not know the word,  
I understood the sound I heard;  
For sweet it was and full of joy—  
In Athens heard, and Thebes and Troy,  
And heard, in every region now  
When moonlight silvers bush and bough  
And makes along the quiet streams  
Bright trails to wonder and to dreams  
And as I wandered home the hour  
Took on the fragrance of a flower  
In some enchanted garden grown—  
Perchance in thine, or yet mine own

*Chicago Tribune*

*Laura Blackburn.*

## THE BAYOU ROAD.

De Souf road lead to New Awleens,  
Whah some folks love to roam,  
De Norf road lead to Little Rock,  
But de bayou road lead home.  
De bayou road, de road fo' me,  
De bayou road lead home.

De Eas' road lead to Vicksbu'g town,  
Whah de Mississippi come,  
De Wes' road lead to ol' Shrevespo't,  
But de bayou road lead home.  
De bayou road, de road fo' me,  
De bayou road lead home.

De myrtle and de jassy-mine,  
Sweet as de honey-comb,  
Dey bloom beside de bayou road,  
De road dat lead me home.  
De bayou road, de road fo' me,  
De bayou road lead home.

An' dahkys sing in de cotton lan's,  
By de road ob sandy loam,  
De windin' road, de bayou road,  
De road dat lead me home.  
De bayou road, de road fo' me,  
De bayou road lead home.

*Arkansas Writer.*

*J. A. Morris.*

### WHEN LITTLE TOWNS GROW OLD.

When little towns grow old  
They seem to fall asleep beside the road,  
And Nature tucks the brass around their feet,  
And all the birds are glad to come back home  
And nest once more in sweet remembered nooks.

The days are long and vague  
And full of sleep,  
And in the dusk  
The old men sit outside their doors  
And dream long dreams,  
And all the dear dead days troop back again  
And down the path from out the setting sun  
Come those who only live  
When we who love them think of them again.

And when the cold wind blows across the hills  
The old men go inside  
And bar the doors that once were flung so wide,  
When light and laughter lived there, long ago,  
And love made warm the dusk . . .  
And then the mist creeps down  
And takes the valley in its chill embrace,  
And one by one the lights wink out  
And all is still.  
For only darkness and the dreams it brings  
Comes with the night—  
When little towns grow old.

*Chicago Tribune.*

*J. P. McEvoy.*

## THE ABANDONED FARM.

There is somebody's home which is vacant today,  
All abandoned and lonely it stood,  
Over back on the road at the head of the bay,  
Where a farm was cut out in the wood.

There was hope in some heart and a gleam in some eye,  
As he chopped and he built and he cleared;  
Then the cut-over land soon was waving with rye,  
And abundant ripe harvests appeared.

From his labor's award he erected his barns  
And a home where was plenty to eat,  
While his wife knit the wool from the softest of yarns  
And their lot was there truly complete.

There I passed but today and the place was all bare,  
Not a lad nor a lassie was seen.  
The abandoned old home was a home of despair,  
And the weeds hid the porch with a screen.

There I listened the while as a story was told  
By the shuttered old windows and shed,  
That there came from the city the lure of its gold,  
And the hopes on a farm all had fled.

*Chicago Evening Post.*

*Charles A. Heath.*

## VILLAGE NOCTURNES

(The Congregational Meeting House.)

The moonlight bathes the old white church  
From paneled doors to gilded weather-vanes.  
Deepening with shade the cool restraint  
Of hand-wrought classic ornament,  
And making exquisite the sweep of roof  
With shingle shadows like dim moss.  
Upon a rise it stands,  
Above the village green,  
And now, at midnight while its high clock booms  
(I hear the hammer creak for every blow),  
It seems a great white ship  
Full-poised for lifting flight.  
Ghost of the days when perfect line

And just proportions and chaste ornament  
Were seemly in the eyes of simple men!  
Ghost of the days when your eight hundred seats  
Were filled on every Sabbath morn!  
Ghost not of what was terrible and bleak,  
Not of dark fear and lust to persecute,  
But of clear faith and courage  
And the upright heart!  
Ghost of the vanished grace  
Of old theologies!

*New York Tribune.*

*Walter Prichard Eaton.*

### THE OLD HOME.

I wandered to the old home once again the other day,  
The sight of it awakened memories:  
As I watched a strange'r children, in the back-yard  
there, at play,  
And heard their laughter carried on the breeze!  
Their playthings fill the woodshed, where my play-  
things once had stood,  
They sleep beneath the roof where once I slept;  
I'd go back again tomorrow, were it possible, I would—  
To BOYHOOD, and collect life's unpaid debt!  
I wandered to the old home and I stood across the way,  
My mind a-whirl with long forgotten dreams;  
As I watched a stranger's children, in the back-yard  
there, at play.  
I have lived a life of vanquished dreams, it seems!

*Buffalo Enquirer.*

*Ralph Reid Rice.*

### THE CALL OF THE WILD.

Let me loaf by the lakes of the North  
Where the oaks and the tamaracks grow:  
Let me lounge on the evergreen swarth  
Where the winds croon their lullabys low.  
Let me fish where the waters run clear  
And the sun gilds the mountains with gold;  
In the haunts of the trout and the deer,  
Where the moon sprays with silver the wold.

Let me row in the lake's drawing-room  
Where the bass hide away in the weeds;  
Where the flag and the pond lilies bloom  
And the loon in his solitude feeds.

Let me sit at the Morn's wedding-feast  
Where the sky spreads its canopy wide;  
When Aurora flames forth in the East,  
And white mists drape the form of the bride.

Let me camp 'mid the silence profound  
Where the stars of the North nightly gleam;  
Where the dryads and wood nymphs abound—  
Let me rest in contentment and dream.

*Minneapolis Tribune*

*C. J. Greenwood.*

## THE DAHLIAS OF WHITE MARSH.

Gorgeous Dahlias that sway and swing,  
Dream and Creation and Cuban King;  
With a host of blossoms bewildering—  
The beautiful ones! I loved them so  
In their glowing splendor, row on row.  
I loved them so that I called them by name  
With their satin petals and hearts of flame.  
Eden, white as the shimmering snow;  
Golden West, like a sunset glow;

Kalif, warm red as the heart's desire;  
Autumn King, like a flame of fire;  
Dainty Delice, whose blushes hide  
Close to the grandeur of elegant Ide.  
I knew that the sun and the sweet, warm rain  
Had kissed them over and over again.

I thought, as I gazed, that the soul of these  
Was the splendor of all the centuries,  
The pageants of kings and the grand array,  
That pleasures the moment and passes away.  
For wind will blow bleak from distant hills  
With frost that blights and cold that kills.  
The beautiful ones! ah, where will they be  
When the Winter snow drifts heavily?

Away with sad thought; a poet has said  
That the beauty of earth is never dead;  
It lives in thought to gladden the soul  
When the form has passed from its perfect whole.  
Let's bask in the gorgeous splendor awhile,  
Of wonderous blossoms that bend and smile  
A regal, royal welcoming  
To the votive hosts, who homage bring,  
This monarch of Autumn, the Dahlia King.

*Baltimore Evening Star.*

*Marie Briscoe Croker.*

### MY CLOSE.

My close—A lovely place of flowers  
Shut-in and sweet for waking hours;  
Glad with bird song and loud with bees  
And wind tunes high amid the trees.

My Close—A little heart dear spot  
That makes one grateful for the plot  
Of good brown earth to till and make  
Eye fair, for the beloved one's sake.

My Close—Something seems to hover o'er  
Of mystery and olden lore  
That drives away all fret and care,  
'Tis like the Peace of answered Prayer.

*Springfield Republican.*

*Florence Van Fleet Lyman.*



## THE UNBARRED WINDOW.

An outgrown faith, I said, an outworn creed.  
Observances unsuited to our time.  
Meaningless prayers, to One who will not heed  
Unless they're well-intoned. No organ's chime,  
No cloud of incense and no stained-glass pane—  
A sorry fane.  
No promise that the righteous He'll reward,  
The swiftly-smiting  
No hope of streets whose pave is gold and gem;  
The New Jerusalem.  
But lamentations for the old, that fell  
And scattered Israelf.  
The droning cantor and the shrill boy-choir  
Awaken in me no responsive thrill.  
'Tis a false flame, it is no living fire;  
I try to warm me for my need is dire,  
The flame does not leap up—I'm faint and chill.  
What is to me, in deed,  
This outgrown faith, this outworn creed!

Hospitals walls! Towering above Broadway  
So far, its noise and clamor cannot reach  
Save as a soothing, murmured speech;  
So near, its lights, when flung athwart the dark,  
Winking and swirling, mark  
Each little, cell-like room, each narrow bed;  
And every corruscating, glittering ray  
Urges a scent, a soap, a gum, a thread;  
Speaking of Love, and Laughter and Life  
To those, the surgeon's knife  
Will soon speed on to other worlds, or stay  
A little longer on this weary way.  
Stay on, but how? Perhaps a broken shard,  
Helpless and marred.

"What's this across the street, this dingy place?"  
"Some little tailor -Jew, some '-vitch' or '-ski'  
His sign-board reads: 'Clothing Cleaned Carefully.'  
Some lowly member of an exiled race;  
The butt of every street-boy's mocking game.  
We do not know his name."  
"I'd sleep now, nurse; go, please, but draw the blind."

*No bars upon the window. Careless, kind.*  
No bars to hinder me; then Broadway's lights,  
Those wrecker's lights, that lead so many on  
To break frail bark and glittering galleon  
Against its treach'rous shores, those dancing sprites  
Will see another wreck—a wink will fling  
At a deep shaft where lies a broken thing.  
Hospital rooms! Each a bare, painted cell.  
Will this one house me by tomorrow night  
Or have a tale to tell

Of how a surgeon's hand, though firm and light,  
Yet slipped a little and oped wide The Gate.

*There are no bars! Why wait?*

*While yet thy limbs will answer thy behest  
Leap! Leap and rest.*

But Broadway's lights, those glittering, mocking stars  
Telling of Life and Love—are they not bars?

I'll wait until Dawn's oriflamme appears;  
Then I'll learn secrets hidden from the seers.

*The vigil's over. Now! At last, the sun!*

Cast but a faint, pale, tender beam upon  
This shaft's dark bottom; a light misty, pearly—  
Who is it rouses up so very early?

He wakes betimes, the tailor, 'ski' or 'vich,  
Perhaps some wanted garment needs a stitch.

No, he is standing; round him seems to fall  
A cloudy whiteness—'tis his prayer-shawl.

Phylacteries wound tight on brow and arm,  
A sun-ray, golden, warm,

Slants on his forehead like the little horn  
By Michael Angelo's great Moses worn.

He seems to bear upon his breast the plate  
The High-priest, Aaron, kept inviolate.

And from his lips is borne upon the air  
A mumbling sound—the Morning Prayer.

A passing vagrant stopped to jeer.

Why did it hurt me so, that sneer?

Why did I feel that I would stand

With him, the scorned, the mocked, the banned?

Why, in my breast were feelings housed

The Temple had not roused?

Meseemed he dropped the eternal yoke,  
Straightened, and fifty centuries spoke:  
"Thou canst not go, I bar the way.  
Endure and suffer, live or die  
As 'tis decreed, nor question why.  
If marred, if torn, if rent and riven  
For some great purpose it was given—  
This life that thou wouldst throw away."  
The words seemed borne on a whirlwind's swell.  
Submissive, to my knees I fell  
And murmured: "Hear, oh Israel!  
The Lord our God, the Lord is One.  
His will, not mine be done."

*American Hebrew.*

*Julia Glasgow.*

### THE BIG GREY HOUSE.

Beyond the house tops peaked and high  
The summer sun blurs down the sky  
And a lilac breeze begins to blow  
From suburb lawns where the lilacs grow;  
While up and down the city street  
The organ grinder's tunes repeat:  
Rag-time tunes for gay young feet!

But the big grey house has thick, thick walls,  
No melody sounds through its long grey halls,  
And children's heels on the stone click slow  
As up and down the children go;  
Sometimes the big bell's clapper swings  
And then the big bell sharply rings;  
But no one ever, ever sings!

For this is the house the law has made  
For children who have disobeyed;  
So here are gates which clang and wheeze:  
Great iron gates with rattling keys  
That send their echos near and far—  
And here each window has its bar  
In the big grey house where the children are!

Outside is a new moon swinging free  
From the feathery tips of willow tree,  
And lilac breezes sweetly blow  
From suburb lawns where the lilacs grow;  
While up and down the city street  
The organ grinder's tunes repeat:  
Rag-time tunes for gay young feet!

*War Cry.*

*Mildred Plew Merryman.*

## I'LL PLAY OUT THE GAME WITH YOU, DEAR.

A touch of soft ringlets  
Just brushing my cheek—  
Clear eyes shining heavenly blue—  
A voice whisp'ring gaily,  
"My lessons are finished—  
I'd like to play 'muggins' with you."  
So down goes my paper,  
And out comes the cards;  
With laughter we speed the games through.  
Soon eyelids droop heavy—  
She's losing her zest—  
'Tis Slumberland's call  
To my playmate to rest.

Then to bed and sweet dreams,  
And awake without fear;  
On some other glad night,  
By the same rosy light,  
(When the fire brightly gleams),  
I'll play out the game with you, dear.

Ah, darling, some evening  
You'll call for the games—  
The pastimes we've shared with such cheer;  
Then, dear little girlie,  
My lids will grow heavy  
With playing—my bed time draw near.  
Then tuck me in gently,  
The games lay aside—  
No sorrow or shedding of tear;

For sometime, dear comrade,  
With unclouded sight,  
We'll play out the game  
Left unfinished tonight.

Then to bed and sweet dreams,  
And awake without fear;  
For, by heaven's grand light,  
In the land of No Night,  
(Where God's smile ever beams),  
I'll play out the game with you, dear.

*Minneapolis Tribune.*

*C. J. Greenwood,*

### THE VANISHED.

Where are the loved, the vanished,  
Who walked with us of yore?  
We from those true hearts banished  
Meet them on earth no more.  
They traveled to a kingdom,  
Eternal, great, and fair;  
It is the "better country";  
The life is happy there.

Beside a crystal river  
They walked the stormless strand,  
All clothed with light forever;  
It is Immanuel's land.  
All past are death and sorrow,  
And past are pain and care,  
In that immortal country;  
The life is golden there.

Their voices made our music,  
'T was harmony divine;  
And in their sweet, pure faces  
Was Beauty's seal and sign.  
No more on earth we meet them;  
Our hearts do not despair;  
Above we hope to greet them:  
The life is blissful there.

*Herald of Holiness.*

*E. Wayne Stahl.*

### FAITH.

My belief was a sorry thing,  
Fashioned of doubts and fears,  
How I had hugged it to my breast  
For years and years and years;

Came Sunday and I went to church,  
And there, where all could see,  
Was a Hunch-back and he sang and sang:  
"My Faith Looks Up to Thee."

*Sunday School Journal.*

*Floyd Meredith.*

### "FEED MY LAMBS"

Over the restless ocean, with Christmas  
drawing nigh,  
Hungry and freezing and dying,  
millions of children cry!  
Turning their eyes, all famished,  
over the moaning sea;  
Begging for food and for shelter, begging  
of you and me.

We in our land of plenty, singing  
our Freedom's song,  
Holding our children at twilight  
nourished and well and strong,  
Watching their beautiful faces warm  
in the firelight's glow,  
What do we dream of the anguish  
millions of children know?

Martyrs of war and hatred, orphaned  
and weak and shy,  
Stunted and homeless and frightened  
under a Christmas sky,  
Stretching their arms all shrunken  
over the hungry sea,  
Millions of little children are  
praying to you and me.

History pales before it. All through  
the countless years  
Nothing compares with the monstrous  
wrong of these children's tears.  
Nothing compares with the terror  
each of these children know—  
Little and tender and helpless,  
ravished by pain and wo!

Give, O ye happy people! Ye  
who have loving care,  
Clothing and food and shelter,  
riches beyond your share,  
Give to these pitiful children all  
that they need and more.  
Ye who are sheltered and happy,  
give of your ample store.

*Literary Digest.*

*Martha Coleman Sherman.*

### WONDROUS GRACE.

'Tis wondrous grace that lifted me  
Out of the mire and set me free,  
Guiding my feet in the way above,  
Helping me on to my Lord of love.

Nearer to God, I am drawn every day,  
For by his grace I am kept in the way,  
Glory to God, for His Grace always.  
Nearer to God, by its way.

On it my soul shall ever depend,  
E'en tho' the world its havoc doth send,  
Its light shall shine each step of the way  
That from its part I should not stray.

Wondrous! indeed, is this Grace, we know,  
Let us its wonder to others show,  
Voicing its message to all abroad,  
"Out of the mire, to freedom and God."

*Buffalo Commercial.*

*Benjamin George Podlesney. Th. M*

### A PRAYER.

Give me new words, O God, to tell old dreams  
So that a tired world may find them sweet;  
Since they remain for me so beautiful  
I long to give them freely when I meet  
Those weary ones whose eyes and bitter lips  
Show plainly that their dreams have met defeat.

Teach me to fashion such a thread of joy  
Out of some Summer morning's blue and gold  
That the bright verities of sea and sky  
May creep into their hearts and there unfold  
Some half-forgotten hope that still holds true—  
So they shall cast aside what makes them old.

*New York Times*

*Edna Mead.*

### A PRAYER.

O, faithful, kind and loving Mary,  
I choose thee for my earthly bride,  
And, after God, for my confessor;  
My mind and body I confide  
To thee for life as sole possessor;  
Keep me from being mercenary,  
Aid me my passions to control,  
And to avoid all vain deceit;  
With thee, may I give God my soul,  
And thus make life's success complete;  
Then when in yonder cemetery  
Our bones lie moulding in the ground,  
As I have honored thee below,  
May I in heaven thy praises sound  
Among the angels we would know.  
Amen.

*Arkansas Writer.*

*Fred W. Allsopp.*



## CONDONATION.

Were you fast bound to an old friend  
Till he let slip harsh words to rend  
Friendship in twain?  
And did he so deeply offend,  
You feel you never can extend  
Your hand again?

On the words he spake in passion,  
Must you brood and of them fashion  
Thoughts kin to hate?  
Why not forget? Why not forgive?  
Why harbor still, and keep alive  
Hatred's black mate?

Consider how himself he blames  
For searing in his anger's flames  
Your steadfast faith!  
Consider how he would rejoice  
Could he but hear your kindly voice  
Condone his wrath!

*The Washington Times.*

*Joe Roscoe Conklin*

## THE GAIN OF LOSS.

If wounded hearts were all unknown on earth,  
How could we know the preciousness of balm?  
If storms ne'er swept across life's placid sea,  
What would we know about the peace of calm?

If bitter sorrows had no place in life.  
The sense of joy would have to be revised,  
Rare roses on a thornless bush would lack  
Chaste settings of the gems most highly prized.

Were there no rugged mountain steep to climb,  
We could not vision valleys fresh and green;  
Were there no "Ups and Downs" for us in life,  
We'd never know what "Resting Places" mean.

Had we no weaknesses to overcome,  
No enemies of righteousness to fight,  
We'd never know the thrill that comes to him  
Who stands or falls in the defense of Right.

Were there no broken vows, no want or trust,  
No yearning hearts, no lack of constancy,  
Then Faith and Hope could have no mission here,  
Nor Love lay claim to sweet supremacy.

There always is some recompense, some good in ill.  
Were cross unmixed with gold in human kind,  
The adamantine strands of friendship's "Threefold  
Cord"

From "Common Clay" had never been refined.

*Buffalo Commercial.*                      *John Hobart Egbert, D. D.*

#### THE LAST THURSDAY IN NOVEMBER.

It's thankful I am for the sun that is shining,  
For the commonplace duties which fill every day,  
For the silver that gleams in a cloud's misty lining  
I can't always see it, still—it's there, so they say.

I'm thankful for living—I might be a-lying  
Beneath the green grass in a cold plot of ground,  
I take what I get, and there's no denying  
This little old earth is the best place I've found.

*Boston Record.*                                      *Floyd Meredith.*

#### THE CLOSE OF DAY.

At eve the mountains seem to devour each dying day,  
As they stand between the earth and heaven's way.  
They feast on subeams, drink the rain and dew for wine,  
Their Host is God, the Infinite with whom they dine.  
And he who sweeps his eye across the broad expanse  
of skies

May see the finger prints of God in wondrous size;  
Yea, too, may see that God himself is there  
To hold and guide the worlds that swing in air.  
No language need be heard to tell his mighty power,  
"The heavens declare his glory" in this closing hour.

*Los Angeles Times.*                                      *Esther Crone.*

## AND THEN!

We shall lay off this garment of flesh  
As we lay off our clothing at night;  
With a tremulous sigh of relief  
As the spirit begins its long flight.

O! the joy and contentment there'll be  
At the freedom from sorrow and pain;  
Whose thralldom so long we have borne,  
But whose sting may ne'er reach us again.

Each hope and desire then granted,  
We shall find all the joys that we lost  
While trammelled by earthly surroundings  
And realize all that they cost.

Then why should we sigh to keep living,  
When with death will come fullness of life?  
To the soul that has gone on its journey,  
There is nevermore anguish and strife.

But one long, endless contentment,  
A growth and completeness of joy;  
That nothing of earth-life held for it,  
Giving pleasure without an alloy.

*Buffalo Commercial.*

*Lena S. Luxford.*

## DEATH'S POVERTY.

How poor are the dead! when breath forsakes them  
Familiar paths are all untrod;  
They leave the shell where death overtakes them,  
And naked fare to the door of God!

How poor are the dead! the meanest beggar,  
Of all that vexes the busy street,  
Is wealthy indeed compared with the meager  
Dole of a grave and a winding sheet!

How poor are the dead! their very raiment;  
The little keepsakes they loved the most,  
Were loaned for life, but time takes payment  
And nothing is left to the wandering ghost!

Mere shades and echoes, how sadly cruel  
The low of Fate in its working seems  
They have not a coin, they have not a jewel  
And this is the end of all their dreams!

Like trembling trees of their leaves denuded,  
Like wandering winds without abode;  
These souls, by futile hopes deluded,  
Betake themselves to the spirit road!

How poor are the dead! I face a sorrow  
Till now obscured,—unrecognized;—  
They are dead to-day and we to-morrow,  
And who shall portion the things we prized?

*Springfield Republican*

*Arthur Goodenough*

### SHROUDS HAVE NO POCKETS

When I approach the final hours of this mundane career,  
And summarize the record I have made,  
The little things for others done, of ministry and cheer,  
I'm very sure will seem to be repaid.

Enormous wealth and mighty power I do not greatly  
crave,  
And fame is but an empty fleeting thing;  
For when the fateful summons comes and we draw near  
the grave,  
The peasant is the peer of any king.

'Tis no disgrace to always be among the common lot,  
If there we earn and keep an honored name;  
For riches may indeed become a life-polluting blot,  
While poverty itself need be no shame.

It matters not how much we may of worldly goods amass  
Or what we've done to make us justly proud;  
We have to leave it all behind when from the earth we  
pass,  
For there's never any pocket in a shroud.

*Kansas City Police Bulletin*

*LeRoy Huron Kelsey*

## HOOR BY HOOR.

One single day  
Is not so much to look upon. There is some way  
Of passing hours of such a limit. We can face  
A single day; but place  
Too many days before sad eyes—  
Too many days for smothered sighs—  
And we lose heart,  
Just at the start.  
Years really are not long, nor lives—  
The longest that survives—  
And yet to look across  
A future we must tread bowed by a sense of loss,  
Bearing some burden weighing down so low  
That we can scarcely go  
One step ahead; this is so hard  
A view to face; unstarred,  
Untouched by light, so marked with dread,  
If we would take a step ahead,  
Be brave and keep  
The feet quite steady, feel the breath of life sweep  
Even on our face again;  
We must not look across, looking in vain,  
But downward to the next close step,  
And up. Eyes which have wept  
Must look a little way, not far;  
God broke our years to hours and days, that hour by hour  
And day by day  
Just going on a little way,  
We might be able all along  
To keep quite strong.  
Should all the weight of life  
Be laid across our shoulders, and the future rife  
With woe and struggle, meet us face to face  
At just one place  
We could not go;  
Our feet would stop; and so  
God lays a little on us every day,  
And never, I believe, on all the way  
Will burdens bear so deep,  
Or pathways lie so threatening and so steep  
But we can go, if by God's power  
We only bear the burden of the hour.  
*Boston Transcript.*

*Geo. Klinge.*

## SHIPS THAT GO TO SEA.

A carefree boy, I used to play  
Upon the shores of Mobile bay,  
And often, when I was alone  
Amidst the drifts the waves had thrown  
Along the sands, when winds were free,  
I'd watch the ships go out to sea.

So many times I've thought since then,  
When memory brought those days again,  
How like the ships I've seen do we  
Go forth to sail upon life's sea,  
For we may leave a friendly shore,  
As wanderers, to return no more;  
For us there may no storms arise,  
Our voyage beneath kindly skies;  
Or, tempest-tossed, our souls be tried.  
Without a star our course to guide;  
There may be wrecks, for raging waves  
Oft make for us untimely graves;  
Yet we may anchor safe at last,  
The voyage o'er, the dangers passed.  
If we shall know, when storms o'erwhelm,  
The Master Pilot's at the helm.

The boy who played upon the sands  
Had only dreams of fairy lands.  
For him the sea no story told;  
It comes now when he's growing old,  
When he has known the griefs and tears  
Born with the sorrows of the years.

*Mobile Register.*

*Gordon Noel Hurtel.*

## A SYRIAN MOTHER.

She sits amid the glaring sands  
Upon the desert, bleak and wide,  
A little bag of herbs and roots  
Is lying at her side.

A trail of white runs, gleaming, far  
Across the desert's yellow rust,  
Where famish'd infants' bleaching bones  
Lie trampled into dust.

High soaring o'er the barren plain,  
With beady eyes and circling wings  
A vulture notes the silent forms  
Of fallen, wasted things.

Across her knees a little child,  
Which still her ragged shawl enfolds,  
And dead within her shrivel'd arms  
A skeleton she holds.

She does not moan, she does not weep,  
Dumb are her lips in mute despair,  
But, oh, her dark and mournful eyes  
That only stare and stare!

That gleam above her hollow'd cheeks,  
I wonder what they seem to see!  
Alight with fever'd kindling fires,  
That gaze so fixedly.

Here, far away, I look without  
Upon a world so wondrous fair,  
Where death and famine do not stall  
And food is everywhere.

But every time I take some bread  
A haunting, famish'd face I see,  
With eyes that stare across the dead  
And seem to look at me.

*Hartford Times.*

*J. W. Harper.*

#### "UNTO ONE OF THE LEAST OF THESE"

What would you do if now upon your breast  
Should rest  
A little bony, gaunt, but precious form,  
Still warm  
With blood of yours?

What would you do if now upon your cheek  
Were prest pale, mumbling lips that could not speak,  
Tho fiber joined with fiber in a shriek  
For food?  
Could such necessitude  
Unheeded be?

What would you do if now upon your ear  
Fell plaintive moanings, groanings—could you hear  
Your starving child in anguish, prone  
Upon the barren ground—to find—a stone?

If you had gone before,  
No more  
To guard life of your life, no more enfold  
The thing, God-given, you had learned to hold  
Most dear,  
What would you do  
If, from behind the veil, you could peer through?

What *will* you do, when now, upon your heart,  
Is lain the burden of a million cries?  
Ere dies within us the ennobling spark,  
We hear a voice, a still, small voice—then—Hark  
From height, from depth, the Master's magic plea  
Reverberates: "Ye've done it unto Me."

*New York Times.*

*Alice Packard Palmer.*

### MY CAPTAIN.

I never knew my captain was so strong,  
Until that night he found me when the hours hung long;  
When, with racking moments and my crazy head,  
I gladly would have joined the pulseless dead,  
In No Man's Land.

'Twas not by chance he reached me where I fell;  
Alone he crawled to me beneath each whining shell;  
O God, how welcome was his grimy face,  
As I beheld it in that hellish place!  
In No Man's Land.



He soothed me and with strength I never knew  
He gently lifted me, and brought me safely through;  
While they shot wild who should have made us bleed,  
Bewildered by the glory of his deed,  
In No Man's Land.

Our good man spoke the captain well next day,  
And, face upturned, he blest the shots that went astray;  
He talked with God and called the captain brave,  
And thanked God for His mighty power to save,  
In No Man's Land.

My captain claims his Captain rules above  
If He it is Who prompts such fearless deeds of love,  
And strengthens those who bravely serve with Him,  
They'll win the fight against the odds of sin,  
In No Man's Land.

*Parish News.*

*Millard S. Burns.*

### ONE COMES.

They talk, these Wise Ones, much about life's goal  
And much they guess about it and about,  
But I, I am incurious—it matters not;  
For I have known such love as the sea know.  
When all her tides come home. One comes, and now  
I am come one with immortality!

And so, great Death, have thou thy will of me!  
Send forth thine arrows splendidly when comes  
The eternal gathering for new atom-drift.  
For I have breasted the great tides of life.  
A swimmer, I have loved the surge and foam,  
And on its tides have touched eternal shores.  
Yea, I have stood where life and death are one,  
And day and night; the sunset's curve and dawn;  
And I have heard the great footfall of Love  
When all of being opened like a prayer.  
And though flesh may not know Love's ritual,  
What matters flesh? Do not the deeper ways,  
The inner places of Love's palaces,  
Call from the halls where the eternal are?

Around me floats the talk of occult things;  
They peer into the windy halls beyond  
And wonder if life goes a rider through the tomb  
But I, I weary with their argument.  
Let me run with the laughters in the soul  
And follow where the thread of sunlight leads,  
Till, like a child, I fall upon the stair  
That lead to that unfathomable Beyond—  
No matter where! At grief and pain I laugh.  
These are tried comrades; these I know full well;  
Full many a season have I supped with these.  
But now comes One with music in her breast  
And in her eyes the light that never was  
On land or sea. And silence is her song.  
One comes—and I stand sun-washed where before  
Only blind alleys led. One comes! And I,  
I laugh at such a little thing as death,  
And grief and pain and tortured loneliness.  
I laughed at death—poor fool!—and blow his bugle  
back!

For I have known such love as knows the sea  
When all her tides come home—and I  
Have lived eternity within an hour—and now  
I do not need thy immortality!

*New York Times.*

*Mary Siegrist.*

### BEYOND THE RECORD.

There is a certain glory in the game  
That holds a deeper, keener thrill in store,  
Beyond's life's groping for a motley fame  
That only knows the message of the score.

A certain glory—and a thrill that wait  
In driving forward to the last advance  
Beyond the final barriers of fate  
To toss your challenge to the gods of chance.

To know how soon existence turns to death,  
And in the little time that is allowed,  
To play the game out to the final breath  
Unmindful of the murmurs of the crowd.

*Chicago Daily News.*

*Grantland Rice.*

## THE LONELY GOD.

A lonely god, who wandered all forlorn,  
While sunset smouldered, sang beside the sea;  
Unto his broken shrine no pilgrims came,  
By his low altar no one bent a knee.  
While the gray waves broke softly on the shore,  
In silver strains his singing rose and fell.  
He sang the lights and hearth-fires of warm homes,  
The homes where mortals dwell.  
Far, far below him, in a fisher-hut,  
A listening fisher heard him sing and smiled;  
His song the fisher's wife crooned o'er and o'er.  
A lullaby to hush her sleeping child.

*Chicago Tribune* *Bertha Ten Eyck James.*

## "DON' YOU GO TO FRETtin'."

Don' you go to frettin' caze yo' skin am black.  
Frettin' neber rolled de troubles off yo' back,  
What come if de chilluns mock an' jibe an' boo?  
Shucks! dey's only chilluns, jes de same as you!  
Chilluns neber knows how deep deir words can bite—  
Don' you go to frettin' caze you isn't white!

Don' you min' dem, honey! Mammy lubs her chile—  
Lubs yo' little lips dat pout, lubs yo' eyes dat smile.  
Up in Heben all day asks, "Am yo' duty done?"  
Lots of little kinky haid's bobbin' roun' de Throne.  
'Sides—I'se jes been thinkin'—if I recomembers right—  
Ain't no place in de Good Book says dat Gawd am white!

*New York Times.* *Vilda Sauvage Owens.*

## EDGAR ALLEN POE.

(Died Oct. 7, 1849.)

Hear the tolling of the bells—  
Death bells!  
What a span of tragedy their harsh insistence knells!  
He is dead, they seem to say,  
"And his poor senseless clay

Is forgotten ere it mingles with the mold;  
Is forgotten, is forgotten ere it's cold.

He is dead, dead, dead!

And there's none will shed a tear,

Never fear!

There is none will shed a tear

At his bier."

Oh, the bells, bells, bells!

How each muffled paean swells

With precision.

Every echo and vibration,

With a base calumniation,

Seems to hover in the air,

Seems to hover everywhere,

In derision.

"He is dead, dead, dead!" sing the bells,

Foolish bells, lying bells!

Hear the pealing of the bells—

Joyous bells!

What a tale of ecstasy their jubliation tells!

"Rouse ye!" So they seem to say,

Seem to sing.

"The man we celebrate today

Is a King!

'He is long years dead, ye cry?

Cease your chatter, little people,"

Sing the bells within the steeple.

"It is only fools that die!

Every vile calumninator is forgot!

Let him rot!

The man we celebrate today

Cannot die."

And the poor restless sleeper

Hears the paean ever deeper,

Hears the paean ever deeper, as it penetrates the tomb;

As it filters through the gloom

Of the tomb.

And his spirit wraps the spirit of his bride.

(Ah! his bride!

Young she died!

And his broken heart was buried at her side.)

So, together in the silence of the tomb,

In the silence of that narrow, narrow room,

They listen to the bells,  
To the bells, bells, bells—  
To the joyous jubilation of the glad, mad bells,,  
To the rocking, mocking laughter of the bells.  
*New York Times.* *Vilda Sauvage Owens.*

MAGELLAN.  
(October 21, 1920.)

Quiet at home, or safe in pleasant places,  
Shall we remember all you hoped and dared.  
Steadfast before your men's dark, sullen faces,  
Holding the hope they never bred nor shared?

You found the sea more kind, the rough wind fairer.  
And can we, sheltered, know how your heart  
trembled  
When you beheld your Grail; and standard bearer,  
Carried your flag before the tribes assembled?

Out of the sea into the strange, dark water.  
You followed hope that cowards never know.  
Your country gloried in the pride you brought her  
When fame had filled her cup to overflow.

You have been dead so long! Do you remember  
Your first glimpse of the land and that slow tide—  
The threats and sorrows of that dark September  
Before October found you justified?

Do you perhaps now stand on some far shore  
With men whose eyes look white in their dark faces,  
And wish for ships to carry you once more  
Adventuring in strange and lonely places?

Your feet will never linger in the city,  
Your sailor's heart will follow the wind's way.  
I think you look with just a hint of pity  
When seamen come to heaven day by day!

Perhaps, at last, our God will see you standing,  
All looking on the great waves wistfully,  
And will repent and alter his commanding,  
So you adventurers may have your sea!  
*New York Times.* *Lowise Driscoll.*

## GENERAL GORGAS.

Not like a general who on battle fields  
Maneuvers armies to destructive ends,  
You used your science, but like one who befriends  
friends

Life and constructively the forces wield  
That our researchful day so largely yields,  
You conquered in a war that being mends,  
Not rends, but unto higher purposes tends,  
And from insidious foes us bravely shields.

Into defiant strongholds of disease  
You forced your way and overthrew their power,  
Time's gathered-up experience came to flower  
In you—a flower that shall never cease  
To blossom gratefully till humankind  
Itself shall free from blind contagion find.

*Minneapolis Tribune.*

*Peter Fandel.*

## NOCTURNE.

Barrie, old chap,  
If only you could have heard us  
Talking about you.

We were seated on a hotel lounge  
Which faced the sea;  
Looking through French windows  
At the black wall of night  
And the angry waves.

Over the terrace  
The sea was breaking,  
Making  
The many colored lights  
Blink mistily at us,  
Inside and comfortable.

In your dingy, book-walled room  
On Threadneedle Street,  
Above the din,  
I see you sitting, smoking,  
Meditating, lonely; conjuring up  
These dream creatures.

She was one  
Of your fairies—but fairer  
Than you have dreamed.

We spoke of wars and soldiers,  
Mozart, Mendelssohn,  
Shaw, Swift, and you;  
And with a radiant smile,  
“O, I love Barrie,  
The whimsical old dear!”

I say, old bean,  
Let's trade.  
Take all my happy days,  
Give me your heartache  
For that moment.

*Chicago Tribune.*

*T. C. C.*

### JOYCE KILMER.

Called from his visions of an azure heaven,  
Called from the golden glamor of his dreams!  
The Voice said “Give—to seventy times seven!”  
The Voice said “Follow—’tis the Grail that  
gleams!”

And he has followed, to the long road's ending,  
Far in the blue mists of an alien land;  
And given—a Dream, for this old, sad world's mending;  
And left—a Song, in hearts that understand.

*New York Evening Sun.*

*Luella Stewart.*

### MY BOOKS.

There they stand in a sad-looking row,  
Battered and faded and soiled,  
Comrades of years, whom time endears;  
They have cheered me on as I toiled.  
A few were decked in gold and red;  
Others were delicate blue.  
The world's coarse thumb has dulled them some;  
It has handled me roughly, too.

I thought "Kenilworth" was a joy upon earth,  
And I simply was dazzled by "Trilby."  
How much older I might have been—  
    Grayer, more wrinkled and stooped!  
They have kept me young by the songs they have sung  
    And by visions that from them trooped.  
They open the gate to the fountain of youth;  
    They dazzle my eyes with gold;  
They roll me far from today's black mar,  
    And things more real unfold.  
Shall I miserly hover these riches alone?  
    Or be guide to the golden way?  
Come hither, youth and learn the truth.  
    Oh, hear what these may say.

*Kansas Teacher.*

*E. R. Barrett.*

### BOOKS ET VERITAS.

When I was a youngster just going to school  
(The pitiful tale that one tells!)  
My brain ran a-ripping with ballads by Kipling,  
I worshipped the earlier Wells.  
I often was seen with the *Strand Magazine*,  
I adored Lancelots, Bediveres,  
Gobbled Stevenson's fable and Arthur's "Round Table"  
And swore by the "Three Musketeers."

When I was green, yes, as green as the gage  
That pouts from a jam I adore,  
I wore out "Tom Sawyer" till scarcely a page  
But fluttered away to the floor.  
I thought Howard Pyle, in his "Wonder Clock" style  
Could hardly be beat by the best;  
The thrills that I had in "A Modern Aladdin"  
Supplied the infallible test.



When I was untrained and unversed in the arts  
I loved Andrew Lang, Edward Lear;  
Bought numberless tomes of the great "Sherlock  
Holmes"

And envied his brilliant career;  
In the "Tale of Two Cities" the thrill that is pity's  
Conveyed how superb it may still be.  
When I was a sprig and my standards were low,  
Uncritical, unautocratic,  
I used to exult in Jack London and Poe,  
Which I read in bed, bathroom and attic.  
Alas, that's the truth of my terrible youth,  
Such the books I thought way above par.  
Gee, I thought they were great, in my juvenile state, .  
*And I still am convinced that they are.*  
*New York Evening Post.*                      *William Rose Benet.*

### THE BLACKSMITH BARD.

The hero of this truthful tale  
Was what you'd call a poet.  
But did he trickle into print?  
Not so you'd ever know it.  
Which after all's not very queer.  
His name was Percival de Vere.

His verses almost always rhymed,  
And often you could scan 'em,  
Which, as you'll surely bear me out,  
Was quit enough to ban 'em.  
But what decidedly tabooed 'em  
Was everybody understood 'em.

At length he hit upon a plan  
To put the verses over.  
He lopped off every other line  
From cover through to cover.  
Then kicked the verbs out one by one.  
Of punctuation there was none.

He sang of toil and blood and sweat,  
In stiff staccato fashion;  
Of purple pain and wooden woe  
And murky, molten passion;  
Gaunt Labor, bleeding at the core,  
In mixed magenta metaphor.

Then, all in leathern apron girt,  
With all the nerve he needed.  
He sought a leading publisher,  
And haughtily proceeded  
A sheaf of paper to disgorge.  
He called 'em "Flashes from the Forge."

The big man cast a startled look  
Upon each smutty feature.  
A poet this? He surely was  
A most amazing creature.  
"Your name," he said, and eyed him hard.  
"Wolf Vulcan!" roared the blacksmith bard.

It turned the trick! The publisher  
Lay mute in awed emotion.  
The critics? But you know the rest,  
Their worship and devotion.  
"Rock-hewn!" they cried. "The clay still wet!"  
"His very pen is dipped in sweat!"

"Sparks from the Anvil" followed next,  
And introduced its fellows:  
"Furnace Flashlights," "Smithy Smuts."  
And "Breezes from the Bellows."  
The public, bless its addled thinker,  
Just gulped 'em, hook bait and sinker.

Successful? Surely if success  
Is measured by the dollar.  
But happy? Hardly. Percival  
Just yearns to wear a collar.  
He needs a shave and haircut, but  
He doesn't dare remove the smut.

*New York Times.*

*Vilda Sauvage Owens.*

## THE HOME TOWN SHEET.

It isn't a very big paper, as newspapers go these days,  
But its little town it has put on the map in a hundred different ways,  
It has no leased wire in its office, nor fourdecked presses to run—  
Its paper comes just in a bundle, and not by the car-load, or ton,  
But it has claims to distinction, and which it will always make good;  
Its limit is only the limit of how people do as they should.  
It boosted for incorporation, for grading and sidewalks and trees—  
Schools—teachers—and helped train the boys that America sent overseas.  
It argued for health and for sewers, and places for kiddies to play—  
For parks and clean living and thinking, and brightened the invalid's way.  
It befriended the churches and lodges, the band and the choral club, too,  
And helped with the flour mill and coal mine and all that good citizens do  
To push a good town to the front row where people will see it and smile—  
For a live town induces good nature—good nature eliminates bile.  
It mentioned all the babies and spread their fame far and wide.  
Inspired them through life and then said a good word for them when they died.  
The crops of the neighborhood always came in for a compliment, too,  
And the front office had an exhibit of wheat, oats and barley on view.  
A mention was made of the flowers, the orchards and lawns and the grass,  
And once in a while an acknowledgment of a "passel of garden sass;"  
The world was told of the chickens and turkeys that strutted about,  
And even about the red heifer that broke the fence down and got out,

New buildings and all such improvements were specially  
played up strong,  
New paint on a fence and new porches were always  
good for a song.  
The paper is still doing duty as neighbor, guide, mentor  
and friend,  
But the pathway is crooked and thorny and many have  
come to the end  
Unnourished and starved and neglected as though  
they had never been  
Boosting and struggling and boosting, determined,  
with fair help, to win;  
But in fact, the paper's one of us, and one that we like  
to greet;  
So hats off! three cheers! and appreciation! to the old  
home town sheet!

*The Publishers' Auxiliary.*

*Charles Frederick Wadsworth.*

## WE REST IN CHATEAU-THIERRY.

No, mother dearest,  
The earth is not hard, here  
About me:  
It feels like the covers  
You tucked in so close,  
When you bent o'er the bedside,  
And kissed me goodnight;  
For it's prest by the tread  
Of my buddies, who fell,  
And the brave stretcher-bearers  
Who found me.

No, my dear daddy,  
The snow is not cold, here  
About me;  
I think of the feathers  
We slept in at home,  
With the pure, clean counterpane  
Spotless and white,  
Like the smooth, shiny crust  
On my favorite hill  
Where we coasted and slid down  
Together.

No, little sister,  
The stars are not harsh in  
Their shining,  
For they are the ones, who  
With Deborah's hosts  
And with Barak's men fought in  
Their courses to win;  
And they helped on the big hill,  
The Woods and at Vaux;  
You must watch them, and love them

No, my brave brother,  
Think not I am sad and  
Unhappy.  
For this is the town where  
Jean Fontaine was born.  
He has left in the air, all  
The princes, the elves,  
And the animals, too,  
For they act all his stories  
To me every day; I  
Am happy.

No, mother dearest,  
Your son is not slighted,  
Neglected;  
Each day come our boys, and  
They pass not a tag,  
Many choke as they read them,  
And send us a thought,  
Yes, those big strapping fellows  
Shed tears, for they feel  
We are dead and forgotten  
Forever.

Yes, precious mother,  
Your boy has a mother's  
Remembrance.  
These wonderful mothers  
Of France, stricken too,  
Come with flowers, and wreaths  
Made of glass, and they utter  
A prayer, and call me their son.  
Do not worry, dear mother,  
We are resting in  
Chateau-Thierry.

*Boston Transcript.*

*Harry Webb Farrington.*

## HOURS OF BLACKNESS.

Drive, drive, through the dark night, always we drive  
till morn;  
On, on into the dark, never a spark of light;  
Bump, bump, over the roads, roads that by shells were  
torn;  
Eyes strain, trying to pierce, through the deep gloom  
of night;  
Keep on, up to the front, see the dull flaming skies;  
Boom, boom thundering guns, drowning all human  
cries.  
Rain, rain through the long hours, drizzling and mist-  
ing rain;  
Wet, cold, miserably cold, think of the lucky dead;  
Oh God, what a long night, nerves will soon snap from  
strain;  
Brakes scream, sliding the wheels, something is just  
ahead;  
Eyes strain, nothing is there, only the nerves have  
gone;  
Drive, drive into the dark, ever we drive till dawn.

*The Stars and Stripes.*

*Floyd L. Larkin.*

## WAR.

"War is death," we have told our children; "a scourge  
to the earth by demons sent,"  
When they asked of the myths of the Greeks and  
Romans and heathen folk of the Orient.  
"War is a wind that sears and withers the very leaves  
on the Tree of Life—  
A spectre grim whose dark wings gather benighted  
peoples in storm and strife."  
War is a cloud between earth and heaven, a raging  
torrent, a seething flood,  
That has plunged the world back to pagan darkness and  
runs the rivers of earth with blood;  
A swirling current that shrieks and rattles and dries  
and deadens the hearts of men.  
Oh, pray for the dawn—the Second Coming of Christ,  
to freshen the earth again.

*The Arkansas Writer.*

*Jessamine S. Fishback.*

## GOLD STARS.

Gold stars looking on the far French crosses,  
Trembling softly in the unscarred sky,  
Flash to us the meaning of our dear, deep losses,  
Show us how to steer to the Hope that made men  
die!

Golden lives of youth, they were given without measure;  
Hear we not the question, flung to you and me,  
"What have you bought with us, your golden treasure,  
You that sent us over sea?"

Gold stars worn upon the hearts of mothers,  
Sad, starry flowers from the furrows of war,  
Bear to us the message of the sons and brothers  
Fallen in the far fields, absent evermore:

"What did you spend us for, your golden treasure?  
Hate and pride and vengeance?  
Then you paid too high!  
Or was it for a World that you poured us without mea-  
sure?  
That was what we meant to buy!

Gold stars gleaming on the flags' red borders  
In the sacred places where our altars are,  
Speak to us your oracles, shout to us your orders,  
Bid us climb to brotherhood, following a Star;

"You must buy a World with us, your golden treasure;  
You must buy a new World, else you hold us cheap!  
So shall we rejoice that you poured us without measure,  
So shall we rejoice in our sleep."

*New York Evening Post.*

*Helen Gray Cone.*

## ARMISTICE NIGHT—1920.

The cold rain falls on Dun-sur-Meuse to-night.  
My brothers of the Marne, do you fare well,  
Where, by the ford, or on some windswept height,  
You lie among the hamlets where you fell?

Do you sleep well these wet November nights,  
Where there is never any brushwood blaze  
To cast within the dugout wavering lights  
And warm the chill of these benumbing days?

Romagne-sous-Montfaucon! The little towns  
That scatter from the Somme to the Moselle,  
Some silent sentry on their high-backed downs,  
Harks still every far white church's bell—

The humble little church of misty hills,  
Set where the white roads cross, with ruined fane,  
Where, through the window-gaps with war-scarred sills,  
A battered Christ looks out into the rain.

Silent, all silent to the passers-by,  
Those lonely mounds, or rows of crosses white,  
Beyond the need of bitter words they lie.  
But are they silent to their friends to-night?

Can we stand whole before a crackling fire—  
We, who have gone in peace a year and a year,  
Singing and jesting, working again for hire—  
Deaf to the message they would have us hear?

Not while the red of poppies in the wheat,  
Not while a silver bugle on the breeze  
Not while the smell of leather in the heat,  
Bring us anew in spirit overseas.

While stars of Alsace light the Vosges at night,  
As long as Lorraine's cross shines in the sun.  
While moon on Bar-le-Duc send bombers' light  
Or rain drives down the gray road to Verdun.

So long shall we hear those we left behind,  
Where eddying smoke fell like a mountain wraith,  
And in the din, that left us deaf and blind  
We sensed the uttered message clear—"Keep faith."

To every man a different meaning, yet—  
Faith to the thing that set him, at his best,  
Something above the blood and dirt and wet,  
Something apart. May God forget the rest!



Lest we forget! The months swing into years,  
Our souls are caught in trival things again,  
We laugh at what we once beheld with tears.  
In petty strife we ease our souls their pain.

The cold rain falls in France! Ah, send anew  
The spirit that once flamed so high and bright,  
When, by your graves, we bade you brave adieu,  
When Taps blew so much more than just "Good  
night."

*New York Times.*

*Curtis Wheeler.*

### EB'S FRENCH WIFE.

I reckon there is some that loved the lights of old Paree,  
Though laughter on its gilded streets could not appeal  
to me;  
I reckon there is some that think while at their daily  
toil  
They'd like another glimpse of what was once a sacred  
soil.

Then, if they is, they ought to know the hero that I  
write,  
The one that's livin' in the house I'm passin' ev'ry  
night;  
For others never know'd it and she'd never let it out  
That she's a kind of hero that we never thought about.

They say that she's a tryin' hard to learn a lot of things,  
To wash the clothes an' sweep the house an' cook the  
stuff he brings,  
To learn to talk like we folks talk an' act like we  
folks do,  
An' be a better help to Eb than any that he knew.

So, in the evenin's when I pass their simple little place  
I'm glad to see a pretty smile a ling'rin' on her face,  
When she's a standin' at the door just like as if she  
know'd  
The time is here for Eb to come a whistlin' down the  
road.

An' yet when he's a-strippin' fodder, workin' all the day,  
She does a lot of sobbin', so the nearest neighbors say,  
Fer some have come 'fer miles and miles to kinder  
comfort her

An' none of them can understand just what she's cryin'  
fer.

It's me that knows she's dreamin' 'bout the lights along  
the Seine

An' Bois Bologney gardens there that she won't see  
again,

An' sometimes she's a longin' for the Maries an'  
Lucettes

An' friends that loves the hardest an' most easily  
forgets.

Oh, I reckon there is some that loved the lights of  
old Patee,

Although laughter on its gilded streets could not appeal  
to me;

But I reckon she is one that loves the man she loves  
still more,

An' she'd say "yes" to him again, just like she did  
before.

*Stars and Stripes.*

*John Palmer Cumming.*

## FORGOTTEN.

Nary a visitor in the ward this week—

Aw, they're tired of us now!

When we was well and whole

And they needed us to go across

To stop the U-boat on our shores

And chase the Hun across the Rhine,

Then every last blamed chump among us

Was a "hero" and they couldn't do enough.

Now—

Well, the war is over, so they say

(It looks to me like it wasn't finished yet.)

And they're sick of all

The whole danged business.

So are we!  
 We're sick of this 'ere hospital.  
 We're sick of this 'ere grub,  
 We never want to see another doctor or a nurse,  
 And they never want to see another wounded cuss.  
 I don't blame 'em, but—  
 Here we are!  
 This buddy next to me here he hadn't got  
 Much left to decorate his carcass,  
 And he's blind, too; the *Boche*  
 Shot out one eye for sure;  
 The doctors thought they'd save the other one.  
 But yesterday they took the bandage off  
 And he couldn't see a goldarned thing.  
 He's a sport. He never said a word,  
 But I could see his lips a-shakin'  
 My, ain't it hot!  
 And these danged flies are such a nuisance.  
 I wisht that I could hike out to a shady place  
 And "cool my fevered brow," as they say  
 In high-toned stuff.  
 But I can't, you see, until  
 They hitch sumpin' goin' on to  
 These two pretty stumps of mine.

*Washington Post*

*Mary L. D. MacFarland.*

### LOSSES.

"Speakin' o' losses," a feller said,  
 Talkin' serious like,  
 "You never know the heart of a man  
 Till the losses start t' strike."  
 I have t' laff at the squeals I hear  
 As the values tumble down,  
 An' the groans of the precious profiteer  
 When his missus wants a gown.  
 Ain't it tough that the world must pay  
 For the debts that fightin' makes,  
 An' all the dreams of a dizzy day  
 Are a myth when the mornin' breaks?  
 Can't help thinkin' o' sartin men  
 That took their losses game—  
 Who felt some pride in the way they died  
 In a cloak of gas an' flame.

*New York Times.*

*William V. V. Stephens.*

NOVEMBER, 1920.

And he's not here!

Strange—to come home myself and find him gone,  
Dear boy I love—

And here I sit, as long I used to do,

Bolt upright on his cool, white bed and stare

About me at the little things that tell

At glance whose room this is—

His desk, the pennants, that black-handled brush,

The picture of the “station” overseas,

The sea-bag, and the upturned canvas shoes,

The ancient sweater with its border red,

The ash-filled pipe that went with him to France—

That's where the strangeness comes, when I think of  
“France.”

For he's not there—my boy! He is not there!

Not there, but here, here in this home of ours.

I knew he planned to see those friends today;

He'll soon be back.

But I—I can't believe.

For I must live life over as I sit

Bolt upright on his bed and stare about

At this assembly of his tranquil things,

This cozy happiness of “drop” and “leave,”

Because there's time and peace and busy joy.

But just this way I sat, those days I felt

That awful clinch of pain, that cold dead fear

Of agony and death—the cold dead fear

That even now I cannot put away.

I sit here rigid on his bed and stare

Into the calm of it—that sweater, there?

Did my boy truly slip it off, today?

Or has it been there, lying on the chair

Months very, very many, and much more

To count and count before he picks it up?

And will he come—and will he come at all?

Often for us this strange not-knowing sense,

For us whose sons went firmly overseas.

“He is not here, and is he not in France?”

Not here, but here at home and coming soon!

Directly I shall hear his step, his voice,

Go feel the pipe and find how warm it is!

He'll want that sweater mended, and he's here

To see it when I've done it—take it, too!  
One doesn't have to pack it in a box!  
But he's not here, not here!  
How strange to find him gone—  
How strange that he is home—  
To know he's home—to trust it for the truth—  
How strange!—

Oh, here he comes!  
"Well, son! Good work!  
You weren't gone very long!"

*New York Times.*

*Natalie Rice Clark.*

### WHILE YOU FORGET THE DEAD.

You mothers who hold to your throbbing breasts  
The sons who have come home to you,  
Remember the mothers of those who rest  
In sleep 'neath the Romagne dew.  
Yours is the pride in a living boy  
Who has earned a Nation's love,  
But what of those others whose only boy  
Is sought in the Marshal above?

You soldiers who now have come to seek  
The peace that you fought to save,  
Do you, too, forget the men who speak  
Their burning words from the grave?  
They are your first, most sacred trust,  
Your buddies—our honored dead—  
From now 'till the Legion mark shall rust  
Over your own last bed.

You great Americans, women and men,  
Who have tried so hard to forget,  
And you who fought in hell's own den  
While the soil with blood was wet,  
Remember the men whose bodies sleep  
In the hills where they fell and bled:  
Remember that they their watch will keep  
While you forget the dead.

*Stars and Stripes*

*Henry T. Samson.*

## RAINS TO-DAY—IN FLANDERS.

'Tis sweet to lie and listen to the rain  
Swish through the trees.  
A thousand thousand leaves  
Wake like a harp beneath the swift, sure touch,  
The silver fingers of the falling rain.  
How like a song it sounds,  
Some high sweet litany,  
With notes unnumbered as the endless leaves!  
A thousand tones stirred from a thousand strings,  
All blended in the singing of the rain.  
Ah, after the wild thunder and the storm,  
The burst of lightning and the forked flame,  
The roaring torrent and the crashing sky,  
'Tis sweet to lie and listen to the rain!

How strangely near seems boyhood's far-off day,  
Now that I lie here dead, a nation's man  
Full grown!  
How strangely real comes back the boy I was,  
How closely press his old forgotten dreams!  
Can you not see him leave the rain-drenched world  
To vanish up the musty attic stairs?  
There, sprawled for hours upon the dusty floor,  
He filled his soul with old, forgotten tales,  
Old lore of bloody combat, stirring deeds  
Of knights who fought the monsters of the world.  
At last the endless music of the rain  
Falling upon the roof— a magic song—  
Swept all his senses like a pleasant drug,  
Till, with his head soft-pillowed on his arm,  
He slept—forgetting all the tales of blood.  
Even so I rest it now upon my arm,  
Giving myself to pleasant dreams—with all  
The bloody strife forgot.  
So sweet it is  
To lie and listen to the falling rain!

*New York Times.*

*Eleanor Cochran Reed.*

## O LET ME SLEEP IN FLANDERS FIELDS.

In Flanders Fields, O let me sleep,  
And wake me not and never weep  
For me. I rest in perfect peace;  
And till all earthly strife shall cease,  
I shall in silence slumber sleep.

You do me wrong to stir and sweep  
Away my fondest hopes and keep  
Me from my rest and just release,  
In Flanders Fields.

Disturb me not, but let me sleep  
Right where I am and never weep  
Again, for I shall never cease  
To live and make my light increase,  
As Time rolls on in silence deep,

Copyright 1926.  
*Kansas City Star.*

In Flanders Fields.  
*Henry Polk Lowenstein.*

## HOW THE END CAME.

*(The Story of One Mother.)*

Today she would end it all. What use was life to her,  
A woman old before her time; a drudge, a door-mat,  
trodden incessantly  
By heedless feet of selfish children and inconsiderate  
husband?

What was her sin, that they should so misuse her?

Only that she was deaf to everything  
Except their comfort.

Only that she had bravely lived the role of wife and  
mother

For twenty burdened years.

Only that she had given up her own desires, one by one,  
To make her family happy.

Now they despised her. He . . . Once her impassion-  
ed lover and staunch mate . . .

Frowned with displeasure when he looked at her.

The children thought of her . . . if ever they thought  
at all . . .

In terms of breakfast, dinner, a clean house and well-  
darned stockings.

Not to any one was she an individual. Not to a living soul was she a personality.

She, whose life has been perfection, bitterly faced defeat.

She, who had done no wrong, was punished like a sinner.

Five blocks away, at the end of the street, gleamed the wide river,

Gold-brown in the sun.

Soon she would reach it . . . and dear oblivion.

But she was tired . . . so tired; her aching feet were leaden.

The distance seemed eternity.

Resting a moment in the shelter of a doorway,

Her eyes gazed emptily upon the seething street.

"Madam, permit me . . . you are looking for a number?"

Heavily, she started at the proprietress. Absently, she passed within the door . . .

"Fifi, a glass of water, quickly! Madam is faint. Hurry!"

\* \* \*

Nature, the vast Observer, has an eternal sense of humor,

Even if we have not.

This was a Beauty Parlor, a place for idle women.

She, who had started for the river, to end her grim existence,

Found herself havened in quite a different refuge.

Here came the foolish members of her sex,

To be powered and rouged and dyed.

Here came the parasites, the vampires . . .

"Madam, you wished for something? A shampoo . . . a massage?"

Flushing, she faced her own reflection in the mirror.

Grimly, she made acknowledgment . . .

No, it would never do to let them find her . . . even dead . . .

Looking as she looked now.

Then came a startling thought . . . a new emotion . . .

Mingled with shame and guilt.

For the sake of her children . . . for the sake of those at home,

She must be neat and comely when the searchers found her . . .



"Try to relax a little more . . . turn the head, so!  
Madam will soon be feeling very fine indeed. Now for  
the nice shampoo,  
Which makes the world all roses and contentment!"  
She, the mother of stalwart sons and growing daughters;  
She, the defender of all the old traditions;  
She, to whom life forever spelled self abnegation  
And stern devotion to stern ideals . . .  
She it was who sat in that seductive chair, yielding to  
vanity,

Even as the silliest of her sex!

"Just for one day," she breathed, while perfume  
saturated every sense.

"Just for one day . . . I shall think only of myself.  
I've thought of others all my life . . . slaved and struggl-  
ed and sacrificed . . . all for them."

It was enchantment, mastering every nerve and fibre.  
It was bewitchment, bearing her off to green and fra-  
grant hills,

Where suddenly . . . with violets in her hands . . .  
Came the sweet girl who once had been herself.

\* \* \*

"But, mother, what can you have done to yourself? It's  
like a miracle!

Girls, come and look at mother! Isn't it too astound-  
ing?"

They were like birdlings, fluttering about her gay  
plumage.

"Mother, why didn't you dress like this before? Why,  
mother, it's a crime . . .

Look at her eyes . . . they're positively dancing . . .  
here comes father!

What'll he have to say?"

\* \* \*

"Barbara . . . my own sweet Bab!" . . . he had not  
called her that for fifteen years or longer . . .

"What is this mystery? How did it happen? Well,  
I'll declare

Who'd have believed it? Look at yourself . . . look at  
yourself in the mirror and see!"

Suddenly came the revelation, while she stood staring  
at her glorified reflection.

"Now I see! Now I understand. It isn't wickedness,  
it isn't vanity . . .

It's being true to God. He made us in His image,  
didn't He?

Well . . .

We've got to polish the windows, to let the soul shine  
through!"

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*Chicago Evening American.*

*Angela Morgan.*

## THE EMPTINESS.

The emptiness!

Just a thinkin'—

Thinkin' of the emptiness of human souls,  
With one foot on the low rail of the corn patch fence  
When the plovers is swinging low

An' swoopin' up,

An' the harvestin's done,

An' a road's a-leadin' off and on,

An' a river,—

A river that's half nuts callin' somethin' at you,—

Seems like it's then a feller knows, —

Knows about the emptiness that needs fillin',

Sometimes, it catches you

Most when you're alone.

Or when pretty girls passes,

Or, maybe, the way milk does in your coffee

When you're a-watchin' and watchin'

An' pourin' it without any stirrin',

Or it's the lights o' night time,

The music of hauntin' things,

Or a buddy callin' you soft like

With a little chokin' inside,

Or its lovin' 'thout nothin' to love.

Or maybe it not bein' near enough for lovin' back,

An' pretty things that ain't half so pretty when you're  
closer to 'em,

Or thinkin' about a lady with somethin' sweet a-smell-  
in' near her.

I wonder

What a feller'd do 'thout the emptiness,  
The great big old emptiness that needs fillin' up!  
Seems sometimes like it's a holler on the insides,  
Like when you're hungry  
For the things a feller never had,  
Or things that when you've had 'em ain't left no  
lingerin' benefits.

With heaps of more days comin'  
More roads a-runnin' out and on,  
In and down,  
An' ships bobbin' in strange waters,  
An' pretty restaurants where there ain't no home dishes,  
An' the emptiness a-callin you on  
An' you answerin' and hatin'  
An' livin'.

I reckon there ain't nothin'  
In the human soul that's bigger than the emptiness—  
The emptiness that God must 'a' give a feller—  
Give him for fillin' up.

*Stars and Stripes.*

*John Palmer Cumming.*

## PARTING.

Flung his arms around me, and I still can feel them  
clinging,

Kissed me once and said goodbye and clicked the  
garden gate,

How his footsteps marked the syncopated tune his lips  
were singing,

"I'll be coming back some day, my honey, just  
you wait."

Gone he was to seek his fortune in a distant city,  
Where the gold like yellow rain would fall into  
his hand,

And I promised him I'd wait—Oh, the crying pity,  
Wait to hear his footfalls lifting to a lilting  
saraband.

Ten years now, and yet each night my steps and eyes  
    turning,  
    Ever to the hawthorne-bush down by the garden  
    gate,  
And as though 'twere yesterday, I feel his kisses  
    burning,  
And can hear his promise: "I'll be back, Oh,  
    honey, wait."  
But the waiting's over now, for in this morning's paper  
    Was a clipping—he was married—in society,  
Ah, well, at the best it was a grim, impulsive caper,  
    She could have his body but his soul belongs to me.  
*Boston Transcript.* *Floyd Meredith.*

### THE HOUSE DOOR.

I open to outgoing feet  
That seek the world by road or street  
To fare them pleasure-ward away  
On to the tasking of the day.

But at the dusky night once more  
Light step young heart, old heart foot sore  
Unlock that they may enter there  
The blazing hearth and sup to share.

For I'm the straight and narrow way  
Into the house at end of day,  
I bar without the things of strife  
I shut within the good of Life.

*Boston Evening Record.* *Florence Van Fleet Lyman.*

### DIRECTIONS.

Genius is a wild weed, growing in the meadows,  
Fading in sunshine, thriving in the shadows,  
Sow it by hand and vainly will ye strew it,  
Let the wind scatter it, nothing can undo it.

Genius is a fair flower, never meant to gather;  
Those who would pluck it only see it wither,  
Till it for gold and vainly ye employ it.  
Tend it for love and nothing can destroy it.

*Chicago Tribune.*

*Jessica.*

## ROSES OF TWILIGHT.

The wind sucks the fragrance of roses  
Through leaves that whisper low.  
The gold that each blossom discloses  
To the sunset gives its glow.  
The silence of gloaming brings sadness,  
Since the garden's lonely length  
Is filled with a longing for gladness,  
And for love that brings it strength.  
The soft rhythmic raindrops come dancing  
From the skies of dismal gray.  
The roses are weeping and glancing  
At the west and dying day.

*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

*Helen Emma Maring.*

## AFTER SUNSET.

I love the hour after sunset  
When the air is dewy sweet,  
When the bat's on wings of silence  
And the glowworm's in the wheat;  
Ere the red, round moon has clambered  
O'er the brow of the rugged hill  
And the owlet croons in the hollow  
To the chant of the whippoorwill.

Ere the watermill's black shadows  
Shift with the rising moon,  
And rifts of light through the poplars  
Starts the mockingbird's magic tune,  
As I list to the carping crickets  
In the deepening dusky glow,  
A spirit sweet still haunts me  
And this hour of long ago.

*Evansville Courier.*

*Edwin B. McElfatrick.*

## VIOLETS.

Within my small, steamheated room,  
There came a breath of sweet perfume  
That seemed the springtime to exhume  
With magic, fairy wand.

The subtle scent stole over me,  
Greening hillside, vale and tree,  
With a poignant memory, bitter sweet  
and fond.

With tight-shut eyes, I flew away  
Back to that forgotten day  
When the world was wreathed with May,  
And Happiness so fair  
Came down, and soft my cheek caressed  
Then flew away, before I guessed—  
It all comes back, when on your breast  
You, woodland violets wear!

*Montgomery Advertiser.*

*Mary Tarver Carroll.*

## EMBERS.

Slowly burns the fire, its hot wrath spent,  
While over the gray ashes creeps a chill;  
For all the room is silent since you went,  
And still;

I could not hope to keep you for alway,  
Love's source was drained, it could not stand the  
test;  
And yet, like threads of flame, my memories sway,  
Rise up and will not rest.

'Twas such a trifle that aroused distrust,  
And took your hands from mine, bidding me go,  
Yet all the while I knelt here in the dust,  
And loved you so;

But oh, tonight, just touch my lips, and lean  
Your head upon my breast, and let us be  
As we once were ere doubting came between  
The Me and Thee;

The embers dully glow, and through the grate  
The hot coals drop into a cool retreat;  
Be mine again! Fain would I laugh at Fate . . .  
And kiss your feet.

*Boston Transcript.*

*Floyd Meredith.*

## CARD HOUSES.

When I was a child, in the long ago,  
In the country of small regards,  
Where the roses of youth resplendent grow,  
And the skies are stained with a rainbow glow,  
And the scented winds from Dreamland blow,  
I builded a house of cards.

A castle of cards on the painted floor,  
With a child's delight I reared;  
And deftly I built it more and more,  
While hurrying clock hands told the score,  
'Till the wintry day was almost o'er,  
And twilight gray appeared.

And moment by moment I saw it rise,  
This marvelous house of cards,  
The wind might blow, or the cold might grow,  
But my heart grew warm with a secret glow,  
'Till the finger of Destiny laid it low,  
And nothing was left by shards.

And though I dwell in another age,  
In another and wider sphere,  
Still Memory points to a teary page,  
Though Time entreats me to be more sage,  
And caution bids me to not engage  
In the follies of yester year.

And though in another land I dwell,  
In the country of Things and Men;  
I am swayed to-day by the thing I tell,  
By the ancient accident which befell  
And vaguely saddened by failure's spell,  
I have built no more again.

*Springfield Republican.*

*Arthur Goodenough.*

## VISTAS.

Oh for some island, far enough to balk  
The curious voyager, where hours and days  
And months pass cloudlessly, whose shimmering days  
No anchor ripples. Only seabirds walk  
Its snowy sands. Above it nightly stalk  
Achernar and Canopus, and their rays  
Silver its beaches. Silence there betrays  
Secrets too deep to ever rise in talk.

In such a paradise, with years to spend,  
I might pursue each vista and explore  
The country of your heart to its last shore  
And highest hill, but know that at the end  
There still would be in hiding from your lover  
Some new delight for him to yet discover.

*Chicago Tribune.*

*Petrarchino.*

## ILONA AND THE REEDS.

Down to the river, whose dark reeds  
Rustled and whispered low,  
She came as eve drew slowly on,  
A dim white shape among the weeds;  
"It is Ilona," said the reeds,  
As she watched the water flow.

Swiftly it rippled on its way  
To where a city's glow  
Flung out a welcome on the sky  
To all the world to come and play  
At being young and great and gay,  
In its bright mouth below.

"O wretched little stream," she cried,  
"To think that even you  
Can win to freedom gloriously,  
While I might rust here till I died!"  
"Alas!" the tall green rushes sighed,  
"That drear tale told anew!"

\* \* \* \* \*



Down on the earth the cool dusk stole,  
Pine scent the night-wind bore;  
The reed-rimmed path held, as of old,  
Silence and peace—the kindest dole  
God ever offered hungry soul;  
But came she nevermore.

*New York Times.*

*Ethel Wolff.*

### LOVE'S DEFECT.

I can forgive the years for robbing me of youth,  
I can forgive man for taking my faith and deceiving  
truth.  
I can forgive friends for being ungrateful and unkind,  
I can't forgive Life for giving me love and making  
love blind.

*Vienna News.*

*Scottie McKenzie Frasier.*

### POPLARS IN THE WIND.

They dreamed so long of all the flying things—  
Flying clouds, with opalescent wings;  
Flying birds, who had no fetters anywhere,  
All the enraptured creatures of the air—  
That, when the storm came sweeping down the sky,  
They lifted all their leaves with the one cry;  
“Now—now we shall fly!”

And I, who saw them romping in high glee,  
Whose torn, mad banners boasted liberty,  
Said: “There is something here of wild adventure  
and delight,  
For trees are surely winged creatures poised for flight,”  
And watched their revelry and almost seemed to see  
How every tossing branch was saying, “Free! Free!”  
Enchanted of the sky, each tree forgetting  
Its earthly setting.

But in the rain-stilled quiet of the afternoon  
I passed again, and saw how all too soon  
Their revelry had ended, and each stood  
Subdued and chastened by the rebuking wood,  
Each stared with wonder on the enduring ground,  
Where still their roots had anchor, firmly bound  
By laws that had no thought for yearning cries  
Or longing branches, straining toward the skies.

Thinking of human poplars whom I knew,  
Musing, I said: "The same grim law holds true—  
People, like trees, reach out to claim the sky,  
Just to be free! Theirs, too, the same wild cry.  
Theirs, too, the dream of fetters cast away,  
Till comes the quiet of the revealing day.  
And lo! rebuking laws whose roots are found  
Deeper than any tree that ties the ground,  
Sunk in the conscience of the human race,  
No frenzied wish may tear them from their place;  
No dream of any tree may lift it from the sod  
No word of man may change the laws of God.  
By being true to edicts earth declares are right  
Mortals and trees may soar into the light;  
By being faithful to their human bars  
Mortals and trees may tower to the stars.

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*Chicago Evening American.*

*Angela Morgan.*

## AN ENCOUNTER.

Two came homing back to the house,  
Two who had been not a year away.  
And one was cold with the churchyard mould.  
And one was wet with the salt sea spray

"Why do you come to my true love's gate  
This night when the dead seek their kin?  
My fair young spouse lives in this house."  
"Nay, 'tis MY love who dwells therein.

"Mine—though she was to another wed,  
    Mine was the heart that beat in her breast.  
Her husband's grave is the tossing wave;  
    I in the churchyard am laid to rest."  
All Soul's Night, and a tap at the pane,  
    A breath of brine and of churchyard mould.  
How the dogs bay! Who passes this way!  
    The blood in her veins runs cold, runs cold.

*New York Sun.*

*Julia Glasgow.*

### SWALLOWS.

Over the fields of shimmering corn  
The swallows are winging their flight to-day;  
Deserted nests in the barn loft cling,  
Strong pinions have borne the nestlings away.

I shall miss their twitter at early morn  
And their shining breasts like silver shields,  
Circling high o'er the trees at noon  
And skimming at eve o'er the clover fields.

Offt have I seen them perched in a row  
On the weather-vane of the belfry tower,  
Pluming themselves in the brilliant light  
After an April thunder shower.

Flocks of wild geese ere long will pass,  
Foretelling that wintry days are nigh:—  
Would then I had the swallow's wings  
To bask in the sun of a tropic sky.

*Louisville Times.*

*Edwin B. McElfatrick.*

### RAIN MUSIC.

On the dusty earth-drum  
    Beats the falling rain;  
Now a whispered murmur;  
    Now a louder strain.

Slender silvery drumsticks,  
On the ancient drum,  
Beat the mellow music,  
Bidding life to come.

Chords of earth awakened,  
Notes of greening spring,  
Rise and fall triumphant  
Over everything.

Slender silvery drumsticks,  
Beat the long tatoo—  
God the Great Musician,  
Calling life anew.

*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

*Joseph S. Cotter, Jr.*

### A LITTLE WHILE.

Just let me wander back,  
A little while,  
To view the backward track,  
A little while.  
For the pleasures that I knew,  
And the joyes that I've been through,  
Would refresh both me and you,  
A little while.

Can I see the future scenes,  
A little while?  
Just to see what all it means.  
A little while.  
All the tests with steady feet,  
If I view these things concrete,  
A little while.

No, I'll just be here,  
A little while.  
And I'll hold what now is near.  
A little while.  
For this time will soon be past,  
As this time goes by so fast,  
And the present will but last,  
A little while.

*Des Moines Capital.*

*W. Paul Zerbe.*

## MY ARCADY.

I weary of my air castles  
And of their dizzy height  
My heart goes homing earthward  
For its castle of delight;  
Somewhere upon this solid earth  
My citadel shall be,  
And there I'll rear my castle walls,  
And make my Arcady.

I want no stately villa  
That well might house a king;  
I want no towers nor turrets,  
Nor any such vain thing;  
A simple, vine-clad cottage;  
Were quite enough for me,  
Where I might welcome kindred souls  
To share my Arcady.

*Los Angeles Times.*

*Helen Peterson.*

## THE SMOKE OF COTTAGE CHIMNEYS.

The smoke of cottage chimneys,  
To fill the sky's blue cap,  
Like sacrificial vapors,  
Through all the earth go up;  
A goodly sight and pleasant,  
For every eye to see,  
So potently suggestive,  
Of thrift and harmony.

The smoke of cottage chimneys,  
For me has wondrous charm,  
And brings me glowing visions,  
Of hearth fires snug and warm;  
Where happy children gather  
About the cheerful glow,  
And vainly try to number  
The sparks that upward go.

The smoke of cottage chimneys,  
As I see it upward roll,  
Brings a sense of reassurance,  
And of gladness to my soul;  
For I know whatever crumbles,  
Under fate's remorseless stroke,  
There is safety for the Nation  
While the cottage chimneys smoke.

States may flourish, states may perish,  
Empires totter to their fall,  
But the smoke of cottage chimneys,  
Will endure beyond it all.  
And the smoke of cottage chimneys  
Is a grander thing to me,  
Than the hosts of War assembled,  
Or the battle fleets at sea.

*Brattleboro Daily Reformer.*      *Arthur Goodenough.*

### THE MOCKINGBIRD.

You hear him in the springtime  
When radiant sunlight fills  
The verdant, sweeping valleys  
And the hollows of the hills;  
On moonlight nights in summer  
From the summit of a tree,  
He is weaving strains entrancing  
In flights of ecstasy.

In autumn's richest splendor  
When the woodland seems afire  
I have heard him chanting softly  
From a fence of old barbed wire;  
In dreary, bleak December  
Where the ragged cedars spread  
I have seen him gray, and sullen,  
And silent as the dead.

*Evansville Courier.*      *Edwin B. McElpatrick.*

## WHEN THAT LITTLE GIRL IS ME.

There is a lonely little girl  
    Adrift upon a sea;  
I much regret to have to own  
    That little girl is me,  
For mother says, no beaux for me—  
    I must look for other joys,  
For little girls are happier  
    When not bothering 'bout the boys.  
I think she didn't do the same—  
    She was young and gay and glad,  
Else 'twould have been no easy job  
    To have coupled up with dad.

The little birds do have their nests,  
    The wild beasts have their lair;  
It is the natural law of life  
    For every kind of pair;  
So I long for a home with a lad full grown  
    And a little girl like me  
To teach the proper etiquette—  
    The boys she'll seldom see.  
She'll be the idol of our home—  
    No one but just us three.  
But my, it does not seem the same  
    When that little girl is me!

*South Bend Tribune.*

*Matt. O. Long.*

## THE SHEEP-HERDER'S SONGS.

Can the Adriatic be as blue  
    As the sky above me now?  
I fancy the stars are bits of foam,  
The moon a boat that is sailing home  
    With a singing crew at the bow.

Can ever a song be sweeter than this—  
The song the coulee chants?  
Rippling its way through moon-washed hills,  
A merry lilt in the tiny rills;  
Green boughs dipping in consonance.

Like the wandering Troubadours of old,  
The night winds sing their song.  
A whispered chanty of primal days,  
Of rhythmic dances to tribal lays,  
Sung by a phantom throng.

These are songs of the solitude,  
Which lull me to sleep at night;  
With the light tatoo from the shuffling feet  
Of the browsing herd; and the ewe lamb's bleat,  
As it follows the weather's flight.

*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

*Whitelaw Saunders.*

### THE LONELY HEART.

The night birds call, the shadows fall  
About my door;  
The waters creep along to sleep  
Upon the shore;  
The evening breeze drifts thro' the trees,  
My heart leaps up like flame,  
Thinking I hear your voice, my dear,  
Whisper once more my name.

A mocking-bird is faintly heard,  
The willows sigh;  
The waters croon, the crescent moon  
Hangs in the sky;  
While high and far the evening star  
With happiness I see,  
Dreaming the while your tender smile  
Beams gently down on me.



In vale and hill the birds are still,  
The breezes die;  
On field and town night closes down,  
Dark is the sky.  
As all too soon sets the pale moon,  
The waters faintly moan;  
My eyes are wet—let me forget  
That I am here alone.

*Chicago Tribune.*

*Iris.*

### APOSTROPHE TO SLEEP.

Oh, Sleep, thou fickle jade,  
Thou art a goddess, not a god;  
Thou art mistitled "Morpheus;"  
"Evasia" be thy name;  
Thou hast on me evasion exercised;  
I have pursued thee far this night;  
I've sought thee madly, and my arms  
To thee stretch supplicatingly;  
And, woman-like, thou'st turned  
With mocking smile and hesitancy,  
As if, at last, to grant me my request;  
But then ere sinks my weary brain  
Into the depths of slumber, dost  
Thou once again give hasty flight.

And thou art fickle; hast thou not  
Enticed me to thee when the sun was high,  
When thou so lonely wast and none

Would hear thy siren call? Aye, then  
I've couched with thee 'pon shaded grass,  
While nearby brooklet crooned its lullabye;  
But now when thou art surfeited  
With lovers, now your ears to me  
Are closed and all my wooing goes for naught  
Dear Sleep, sweet Sleep, I beg, entreat  
Your soothing hand. Dost thou  
Not know that when I restless toss  
Upon my bed, what other mates  
Do visit me, all undesired?

Beclouded Memory, dark and mysterious,  
That sometimes blest but oftimes  
Cursed is of men, doth flood  
My tired brain with endless images;  
Old loves, from which the passing years  
Have stolen all the sting of unfulfilment and  
Have given tender cadence to the words,  
"It might have been."

More recent passions pass in vivid flight;  
These still have power to sway  
My quickened feelings into tears;  
Regret, Desire, Ambition, these  
And myriad others sit upon my mind's  
Unsteady throne, each in his turn;  
And Passion, with her purple veils  
Revealing now and showing in  
The burning shadows of her eyes  
Too clear by far the thoughts that, all  
Unbidden, twist and coil themselves  
From out their secret prisons in my heart;  
And 'tis the worse that such desire  
Must burn without the fuel  
Accomplishment would give  
And turn to dust and ashes in my mouth.

Oh, Sleep! Beloved Sleep! come rescue me  
From all this torture. I will fondle you,  
Caress your misty face until  
The silky lashes of your eyes  
Do brush mine own;  
Permit my head to fall at last  
On the twin cushions of your breast;  
See, now dost Phoebus cast  
His sleepy reddened eye to pierce  
The curtains of his couch, and Eastern clouds  
Do blush to have a witness to  
Their early morning sport.

Still do I cast  
My wistful eyes to you, oh, Sleep;  
Ah, dost thou pause, to gaze  
Reluctantly? 'Tis true, thou dost  
And I—am mistily—  
So gently—wafted—off—to Sleep.

*Reynolds Press.*

*Edgar Royce.*

## MUSIC.

Down from the Peaks of Dreams,  
Down from the Hills of Strife,  
Flows full many a stream  
Filled with the music of life.  
And richer than Ophir is he  
Who, hearing their clear melody,  
Takes up his lyre and flaming sings  
One song as crystal as their springs.

So sweet that music strange  
(Beyond the power of lute),  
Who knows but they who range  
This world, impassive, mute,  
Are not more rich than he whose lyre  
Quivers as with Auroran fire?  
For who can sing as sings the sea,  
Or who hath snared Infinity?

*Chicago Tribune.*

*Laura Blackburn.*

## DAY COLOR.

A sea of rainbow hue  
Beneath the bluest sky;  
A yellow reach of sand;  
A gray gull sweeping by;  
To right the dark, dun rocks  
That shade the purple-black  
And neutral, streaming smoke  
Above a boat's white track.

*Chicago Evening Post.*

*Elizabeth Creighton.*

## SUNSHINE AND ROSES AND YOU.

I know of an old-fashioned garden,  
Where pansies and hollyhocks grow  
With poppies as red as the sunset,  
And lilies as white as the snow,  
The roses bend over the pathway,  
The roses climb over the wall;  
And you are the gardner, my darling,  
The loveliest flower of them all.

The sunshine is bright in the garden,  
And scented and soft is the air,  
While happiness blooms like the roses,  
With never a shadow of care.  
But should there come sorrow or showers,  
And should there come tempest or tears,  
The joy of your presence, my darling,  
Would still fill with sunshine my years.

As sweet as the rose at your girdle,  
I woo you with tenderest art;  
I'll win you and hold you, my darling,  
The treasure and pride of my heart.  
My vows shall be sweet as the south wind,  
My kisses fall soft as the dew,  
And I'll live and I'll love in our garden  
With sunshine and roses and you.

*Chicago Tribune.*

*Iris.*

### LONGING.

Over hidden depths, over lonely lands  
Ghostly gleams the silent moon  
Our restless seas, over mighty rivers band  
The nightwind sighs.  
Through the stillness of the night  
Love's wistful eyes  
Seek thee in vain amid the throng.

Over desolate shores winds whisper and die  
Gold flames of sunset, dipped in the deep  
Reflect their ambers afar on calmer skies  
Lonelier than ruin, strange as death  
The bondless ocean lies  
Love's wistful eyes  
Seek thee in vain amid the throng.

Sweet stars arise  
In memory's tranquil skies  
Like amaranth's fadeless blossoms  
    Hope still lies  
    In the silence of life  
        Love's wistful eyes  
Seek thee in vain amid the throng.

*Buffalo Express.*

*Undine Norren.*

### A FATHER TO HIS DAUGHTER.

O little daughter, how these latter days  
Have brought to me a new delight in thee,  
For in thy budding womanhood I see—  
In thine eyes' deepening glow, thy woman ways,  
In every trick of manner that betrays  
Whence thou didst come by thine heredity—  
As in a mirror, see revealed to me,  
Albeit with eyes oft blurred by the salt haze  
Of manhood's unshed tears, that one whose eyes  
First shone on me from 'neath the same white brow,  
With mother love divine; oh, doubly dear  
Thou art, were't possible, now that I hear  
And see in thee each day some sweet surprise  
That links my boyhood's past with manhood's now!

*Boston Transcript.*

*Louella C. Poole.*

### IN THE STREET.

The storm has passed, and in the street  
Lie little pools of rain.  
From out of doors the people troop  
To greet the sun again.

An organ grinder plays a tune,  
And from a humble home  
A colored dancer shimmies out,  
Grotesque as any gnome.

He flings his bare brown legs aloft  
And shivers in the sun.  
The crowd applaud and stand about,  
Alert for any fun.

The monkey sticks his cap awry,  
And offers you his cup.  
And at your feet, with wagging tail,  
Appears a mongrel pup.

The laborer puts his pipe away  
And saunters back to work.  
Two newsies play a game of crap,  
Where friendly shadows lurk.

The storm has passed, and all the street  
The Sun is making gay.  
Tomorrow it may rain again,  
Be merry while you may.

*Baltimore Sun.*

*Lilian Sue Keech.*

## TWILIGHT.

A single lamp is shining in the square,  
The darkness drops down softly—everywhere  
Lights twinkle out in answer, till each pane  
Has blossomed in the grayness. The day's rain  
Is shining in the gutter, scattered white  
With soaking paper boats sent out to fight  
Dreadnoughts of orange peel—and get away.  
All dripping quiet is the end of day,  
Quiet as pain and dim as peace, while far  
A single street lamp beckons to a star.

*Chicago Tribune.*

*Mary.*

## IRENE.

There are great thoughts too sacred for expression,  
Emotions deep, too sacred to be told,  
From springs too full for effort's real repression,  
Whose streams are long as human life is old.

From whom these sacred themes, perfection pure?  
For whom these heights and depths of many days?  
How may my own thus from thy soul secure  
The life, the joy that in thine own life plays?

Secure the bloom that in thy sunshine shelters,  
The fragrance that from thy fond flowers falls;  
And though my life in winter ever welters,  
Hear from thy deeps whene'er thy beauty calls?

Be mine to pause within such precious presence,  
Be it my shelter from life's hail and rain,  
Be mine to profit by thy silent prescience,  
And bring thy sweetest blessing from life's pain.  
Awhile be mine the silent joy of biding,  
Within thy smile escape the world-storms chiding.

## II.

Thou art the happy smile of hastening spring,  
The pleasing prophecy of fairer days;  
Thou art the song the hermit thrush would sing,  
Most musical of all our woodland lays.

Thou art the murmur of the early summer-brook,  
Eluding rock and ledge in its sweet way,  
Upon whose pools fair flowers fondly look  
There mirrored in the pauses of its play.

Thou art the joy of morning in the east,  
With majesty o'er mountain-tops ascending,  
When color comes, and darkness is deceased,  
Dawn on thy cheek, the white and crimson blending.

Thou art joy's evening star, evening's delight,  
Ere yet the blush of heaven's west is gone,  
The cloud ascends on high for one last sight,  
Suffused by twilight's beauty, like the dawn.  
Then thy departure is, for me, as night—  
Thy coming is return of rosy light.

### III.

Clear conscience comes from thy sweet eyes beholding;  
Humility delights in thy dear name;  
High honor ever in thy sight unfolding;  
Coarseness of pride before thee bows in shame.

Sweet fortitude is on thy features written  
And patient wisdom waits upon thy word,  
As when some heart hath been by sorrow smitten,  
One walks in waters that no foot can ford,

Save as thy heart of hope shall lead and save,  
Thine is the instant hand held out to aid,  
And thine the instant thought to risk the wave,  
The steadied lamp whose light doth not soon fade.

From thee proceeds life's sweetest emanation,  
And from thy hand fond benefactions fall;  
Thy virtues all inspire love's emulation,  
Defects of soul upon thy favors call.  
Thy preciousness 'fore faulty souls is pure;  
Thy love makes virtues resurrection sure.

### IV.

Vain every call, no answer echoes ever,  
Nor glimmering ray gleams from the lamp of hope,  
And night's lone star weeps with its silent "Never,"  
Which long must o'er this wildered pathway grope.

What memories of the past, the long ago!  
Remembrance of experience, what pain!  
Hearts only that have felt them once can know;  
And pleasures shall we know them yet again?

The beams of beauty from thy brow abounding,  
The breath of fragrances from thy face of flowers.  
The queenly charm, thy being fair, surrounding,  
Are silent as the star-lit midnight hours.



The voice whose music ever murmurs sweet  
In which the leaf of hope so lightly trembles;  
The words in which the buds of promise meet,  
The lips whose pain in laughter's light dissembles.

The peace which doth with energy combine,  
The prophecy which in sweet bloom is writ;  
Composure calm, a presence most divine,  
The precious, pure companionship befit.  
Fair loveliness, where is thy life-lit dwelling?  
From this far spring are living waters welling.

*Springfield Union.*

*Perry Marshall.*

## THE GARDEN.

There is a garden in my dreams  
That once I knew full well.  
'Tis lost to me, but still it seems  
I can within it dwell.

There violets spring up all about  
And lilacs breathe incense,  
And long green aisles stretch dimly out,  
Shut in by hedges dense.

I smell the roses dewy fresh  
On tender summer eves.  
The stars I see in golden mesh  
Through fluttering maple leaves.

And trees and flowers are always fair,  
For nothing ever dies.  
Always when I wander there  
The same joys greet my eyes.

But this is not the best of all,  
For often, wandering there,  
I hear a gentle, tender call,  
And see an image fair.

Sometimes my mother there I greet  
And up and down we walk.  
In shady aisles communion sweet  
We do not need to talk.

And other friends and lovers true  
Come to that garden fair.  
Old playmates and my old dog too,  
My sweetheart meets me there.

They tell me that it is no more,  
Strange hands have laid it waste.  
It may be, but by memory's lore  
Its pleasures still I taste.

*Baltimore Sun.*

*Lilian Sue Keech.*

### A PICTURE.

A village home, 'neath opal skies;  
A youth alive with joy;  
His mother's grave and soulful eyes.  
Beam fondly on her boy.

A mother's love! Supreme above,  
And faithful here on earth,  
To latest breath! She walked with Death,  
To give her treasure birth!

The years have flown. The lad has grown  
To manhood's weary part,  
And mother sleeps, but Memory keeps  
This picture in his heart!

*Houston Chronicle.*

*Luther A. Lawhon.*

## THE BUTTERFLY.

Who put the powder on thy wing?  
Thou pretty thing?  
Come hither, come!  
The dewdrop's waiting on the flower for thee.  
Come hither, come and let me see  
The wondrous art and splendor of thy wing.  
Thou pretty one, with iridescent wing,  
If I in my re-birth shall be  
Transformed in beauty all like thee,  
No matter in what spheres I shine,  
Some vanity would sure be mine.

Come hither, come, dear butterfly,  
Dost think the flower's unfolding, one by one,  
In this glorious morning sun,  
On thee doth wait?  
No chrysalis could be thy home,  
But Smintheus' rays could thee create,  
Thou fairy one, sweet butterfly.

*Chicago Tribune.*

*Helen Gilbert Cozine.*

## IN LOVE ALL GODS BECOME AS ONE.

*A Christian knight, Aucassin, dearly loved the Saracen Nicolete, she, whose feet were so white that the daisies seemed black beside them.—Old Chronicle.*

They tell me Nicolete, that I  
Must cease to love you, fond and well;  
Or else, when I shall come to die,  
My soul will wake in deepest hell.

That I must shun your raven curls—  
Your kisses warm—your laughing eyes;  
If I would win, in after worlds,  
A life within their Paradise.

These Christian seers, devoid of mirth,  
Who strike me with their poisoned fangs,  
Have doomed you, dearest, here on earth,  
To purgatory's endless pangs!

You who so lightly dance and sing,  
With nature tender, kind and sweet;  
Who never harmed the meanest thing,  
That crawled beneath your pretty feet!

Intolerance! a fiend to shun,  
At Christian or at Pagan shrine;  
In love, all gods become as one;  
My god is yours—your god is mine!

Their Paradise! Without you, dear,  
There's naught for me. Your precious love,  
Is all I crave with mortals here,  
Or of the blessed souls above!

Then Nicolete, I ask but this—  
What e'er your doom, with you to dwell;  
And hell would be a realm of bliss!  
Without you, heaven would be a hell!

*Houston Chronicle.*

*Luther A. Lawhon.*

## TRANSFORMATION.

Sometimes I wonder if the Parthenon  
Was just so perfect when it sparkled new,  
Fresh from the Phidian mallet, when withdrew  
First from its sides the builders skeleton  
And bade astonished Athens look upon  
Its bright-hued splendor.—Now the winds imbrue  
Its beauty with eternity, the dew  
Paints it more perfect,—dew and Attic sun,  
Like Alexandrian gem your face was cut  
In gleaming candor, graven crisp and clean,  
A pale intaglio whose lips between  
No fragrance breathed. I found it faultless, but  
Love it I could not 'till its classic cold  
Warmed in Love's sun to ivory and gold.

*Chicago Tribune.*

*Petrarchino.*

## MEMORY.

Within its sacred chalice are treasures rare,  
Hid from the eyes of a world profane—  
Songs unsung, hopes the churlish disdain,  
And spectres of kisses and lilies are there,  
Fraught with a message of futile despair,  
Moistened with tears that fall like rain;  
Yet precious each petal, tho' never again  
Their perfume may breathe an incense of prayer;  
Sealed with a love nor time can efface,  
Our hearts the key that opens at will,  
Our treasures lie hid; God's infinite power  
Shall chasten our lives and thro' His grace  
His pledge to the faithful fulfill  
That Time shall bloom in Eternity's flower.

*The Arkansas Writer.*

*Clio Harper.*

## MY PENCIL SWEETHEART.

Here is a dear little maiden I love.  
She comes when I'm lonely and blue,  
Bringing sweet smiles to my dreams from above.  
And promise of happiness true.

No one ever sees this sweet maiden but me.  
None ever can tell how I love her.  
I bring her to life with my pencil, you see,  
And then o'er her beauty I hover.

She never complains at my failures in life.  
She knows all my griefs and my sorrows.  
Her smile is a beacon ablaze in the strife,  
For hope and success on the morrows.

*Medical World.*

*Joseph W. Rogers.*

## THE STUMBLING BLOCK.

I'm the scorn of minds sulphuric of the esoteric critic  
of the little group that calls itself "Elect."  
Parlor Bolsheviks ignore me and the doctrinaires all  
score me for the dogmas and the schemes that I  
have wrecked.  
Long-haired orators attack me with thought that they  
could hock me,  
Into pieces they are certain won't be missed,  
While some proudly abstract thinkers put on philosophic  
blinkers  
Which prevent them from observing I exist.

I am dull and unromantic and the theorists grow frantic  
When they find they cannot conjure me away;  
I'm the block on which they stumble, I'm the thing that  
makes a jumble  
Out of all the airy visions they display.  
Though the lights of hope may beckon, I'm a thing that  
they must reckon  
Or their science and their skill will not avail,  
And their ships so proudly steaming to a port of which  
they're dreaming  
Will be thrown in wreck upon me as they sail.

I am stubborn, heavy, leaden and the thought of me  
may deaden  
Many notions that are glorious and fair,  
I'm a bore, I can't deny it, and I wouldn't even try it—  
I am stolid, vulgar, tiresome, but I'm there!  
You can sneer and you can flout me, but you can't  
get on without me,  
Though you suffer with convictions most intense,  
For your plan won't last a minute if you haven't got me  
in it—  
I am nothing more or less than Common Sense!  
*Michigan Tradesman.* *Berton Braley.*

## THE MAKIN' OF FRIENDS.

If nobody smiled and nobody cheered and nobody helped  
us along,  
If each every minute looked after himself and the good  
things all went to the strong,  
If nobody cared just a little for you, and nobody  
thought about me,  
And we stood all alone to the battle of life, what a  
dreary old world it would be!

If there weren't such a thing as a flag in the sky as a  
symbol of comradeship here,  
If we lived as the animals live in the woods, with  
nothing held sacred or dear,  
And selfishness ruled us from birth to the end, and never  
a neighbor had we,  
And never we gave to another in need, what a dreary  
old world it would be!

Oh, if we were rich as the richest on earth and strong  
as the strongest that lives,  
Yet never we knew the delight and the charm of the  
smile which the other man gives,  
If kindness were never a part of ourselves, tho we owned  
all the land we could see,  
And friendship meant nothing at all to us here, what  
a dreary old world it would be!

Life is sweet just because of the friends we have made  
and the things which in common we share,  
We want to live on not because of ourselves, but be-  
cause of the people who care;  
It's giving and doing for somebody else—on that all  
life's splendor depends,  
And the joy of this world, when you've summed it all  
up, is found in the making of friends.

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*Chicago Tribune.*

*Edgar A. Guest.*

## I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH LIFE.

I have a rendezvous with Life  
In days I hope will come,  
Ere youth has sped and strength of mind,  
Ere voices sweet grow dumb,  
I have a rendezvous with Life  
When Spring's first heralds hum.

It may be I shall greet her soon,  
Shall riot at her behest,  
It may be I shall seek in vain  
The peace of her downy breast.  
Yet I would keep this rendezvous,  
And deem all hardships sweet,  
If at end of the long white way,  
There Life and I shall meet.

Sure some would cry it better far  
To crown their days with sleep,  
Than face the road, the wind, the rain,  
To heed the calling deep,  
Tho' wet nor blow nor space I fear,  
Yet fear I deeply too,  
Lest Death shall greet and claim me ere  
I keep Life's rendezvous.

*New York Evening Post.*      *Countie Porter Cullen.*

## TOKIO.

Tokio sits in a bamboo stall,  
Where oranges and apples shine;  
His round little face in minted gold,  
His mouth like claret wine.  
Tokio's age is as old as three,  
Yet he seems a century wise  
As he gravely twiddles his naked toes  
And blinks with his sloe-black eyes.  
Tokio's parents are solemn folk,  
Yet he rules the twain with a nod,  
Shaking his comical fringe of hair  
Like a weird little Temple God.



What do you think as you see us pass  
Who are not Japanese?  
Strange, quaint child of an alien race,  
From your home in the purple sea?

Droll little, odd little Japanese,  
In your figured dress of blue;  
You seem so foreign and queer to us.  
Are we just as queer to you?

*Los Angeles Times.*

*Alice Louise Jones.*

### A WOMAN'S WORD.

Someone gave me a smile one day and spoke a word,  
And something in my heart and mind awoke and stirred  
To life anew; some near-forgotten aim  
To make of life success; to make it plain  
That here was one who dreamt of great things, and who  
meant

To make his dream come true

Dear smiling face, and heart of purest gold,  
Your kindly word and glance that so much told  
Were not in vain; today like many weary men  
Who in their hour of near-defeat, and when  
Life darkest seemed, met someone who just knew  
All that they hoped and wished and meant to do.  
My heart is throbbing with that new-born aim  
To show the world and you life was not lived in vain,  
How much, ah! just how much, a woman's word can do,  
If she but knew, to help a man win through!

*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

*William R. Walker.*

### BEFORE I'M OLD.

Before I'm old, too old to take  
The rougher trails where few intrude  
By rock bound ways and tangled brage  
That bar the way to solitude.  
I'd like to turn one daring page  
From life where keen adventure calls,  
Something to dream of in old age  
When I am held within four walls.

Life at its best is but a breath  
Where many are content to slog  
Along the road that leads to death  
Nor ever look beyond the fog;  
They may be right—and yet I know  
Old age would never sit alone  
If I could see one red dawn glow  
Upon a road no man had known.

*Chicago Daily News.*

*Grantland Rice.*

### STATUE OF THE REPUBLIC.

Gold, gold, gold,  
Earth and air and sea;  
Over the heads of young and old  
I loom eternally.

Over the trail that binds my robe,  
Over the waters bright,  
Merrily troop a mighty throng,  
Morning, noon and night.

Never they heed the lifted globe,  
Never the staff held high,  
But the glint of gold as they rush along  
Is the thing they know me by.

Gold, gold, gold,  
Earth and air and sea;  
Over the minds of young and old  
I reign eternally.

*Chicago Tribune.*

*George Steele Seymour.*

### ROYAL ROADS.

Was this a Royal Road, built long ago,  
Where sumptuous trains defiled in glittering show?

Did here the people stand attent, or kneel,  
Their subject loyalty to sign and seal?

The King's Highway—and did his armies march  
Victorious beneath the flower-wreath'd arch?

I cannot answer you, though well you guess  
Such pomp has drifted into nothingness!

But true it is, unto this very day,  
All roads are royal, if Kings pass that way,

And proud may any be to walk therein—  
To follow where these majesties have been,

They might be met on any thoroughfare,  
Yet few—oh, few of us, would be aware!

It is their way to wander in disguise—  
They take no trouble to fill hungry eyes!

Yet shall the dust cry out, that touched their feet,  
And to long aftertimes their names repeat;

Along the quivering air a Voice shall go:  
"This is a Royal Road— *they* made it so!"

They—they, the burden-bearers, great of heart,  
Who helped poor pilgrims, come from any part!

So simple gracious were their words and port,  
Where'er they journeyed, there they held their court.

Each act of theirs by finest patience graced,  
They tarried not o'erlong, nor made they haste,

Another Imperator they obeyed,  
Whose mandate was, "Give aid—and still give aid!"

They to their own took, ever *other* loads . . .  
These Servant-Kings of men made Royal Roads.

*New York Times.*

*Edith M. Thomas.*

### "ONLY ONE DAY."

As I came to the end of this beautiful day,  
Sitting alone with the thought's of the past,  
I heard the chimes ringing carols gay  
For the joys to others, the day had cast.

I listened tho' tired at heart,  
To the last strains of that carol gay  
As it died upon the ev'ning air,  
And the sounds echoed far away.

'Twas only one of many a day  
Fraught with memories that cannot die,  
Painted with colors, both sombre and gay,  
That along life's pathway lie.

And as I came to the end of that day,  
Joy had blended with sorrow and grief;  
A kindly act, and a word dropped by the way  
Had lifted a soul that found relief.

*Buffalo Truth.*

*Lyman A. Dietrick.*

### "MacSWINEY DYING."

Sinking to sleep, the final, last-long sleep.  
Dying for Eire, as thousands died of yore,  
The world halts at your dungeon couch to weep;  
Oh, storied, stormy isle, what glorious sons you  
bore!

Dear Erin, with our myriad, martyr dead,  
Whose ashes whisper thru the soft, still night,  
"Courage!" the dawn is almost here,  
The golden dawn of freedom, truth and right.

The tryants might be crushed, to rise no more;  
Bonds, chains and gibbets to oblivion's pile,  
A land of peace and love from shore to shore,  
There beams a radiant future for the sun-kissed  
isle.

*Chicago Tribune.*

*Patrick J. Furlong.*

## THE HOARD.

The rotted pales hungry wryly from the fence;  
The sagging screen-doors, gnawed upon by rust,  
Broke when you touched them; grubs had built their  
tents  
Across the fanlight, clouded with thick dust.

The storms of years had marked the dingy walls;  
Wasps buzzed displeasure, and from room to room  
Rats scrambled in alarm, with squealing calls.  
Our footfalls woke strange echoes in the gloom.

Old girandoles and sets of Empire chairs,  
And cupboards full of books in musty leather  
And mantel ornaments in ugly pairs,  
And black-framed prints, bestained by time and  
weather.

Hearth furniture of choicest early brass,  
A classic highboy, a large pie-crust stand.  
A most uncommon triptych looking-glass,  
A curious cabinet, artfully japanned:

Such we saw there, shut up to slow decay;  
And not our prayers nor tears could aught avail  
To coax one precious, envied piece away  
From the lean spinster who said, "Not for sale."

They are not beautiful to her, and she  
Lives in the kitchen, but she still clings fast  
To these few things; to part from them would be  
To own the world had beaten her at last.

Tho old and feeble, she yet shows the pleasure  
Of proud refusal in her filmy eye;  
Poor tho she be, rich is she in a treasure  
Solicitous strangers are too poor to buy.

*New York Tribune.*

*G. S. B.*

## OPPORTUNITY.

The small things mastered make the great things  
small—

Bear this in mind and then you will not fall.  
Hold firm! and mount life's ladder round by round,  
Look up not down, your goal is not the ground—  
That is the foundation for all higher things.  
Remember this and you will mount on wings  
And reach the goal that you would fain achieve.  
All good is yours, if you will but believe  
That you can master self, and have evolved a plan  
To benefit and bless your fellow-man.

*Boston Record.*

*Mrs. Henry Armstrong.*

## TELEMACHUS MUSES.

Low in the vale  
The haze is hanging;  
Green-bright the ocean  
Glints and sinks;  
With undimmed eyes  
I guess on the mountain  
The ghost of the storm-cloud.  
The wraith of the rain.

Down from his crags  
The old Ulysses—  
Young with the fever  
Of age in his blood—  
Calls his kings  
To the rotten galley;  
The madmen follow,  
The madman leads.

Dreams are theirs  
Of a far adventure;  
New Circe's island  
And Cyclops's cave;  
They have seen death striding  
Across their winters;  
The flame within them  
Gutters and leaps.

Silent, they pass  
To the dun-sailed ships,  
Bent, white-bearded,  
With unfleshed arms:  
They seek more life,  
But the deep will take them  
With storm-clouds rising,  
With rain and wind.

*The Freeman.*

*Maxwell Anderson.*

### THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

Your love is a golden lantern  
That glows in an eerie room—  
The castle is dark and silent  
And shudders with secret doom . . .  
The sinister forest yonder  
Creeps down to a ghastly plain . . .  
But you lit the golden lantern,  
And promised to come again.

The moon is a weird hag, watching;  
The wind like a lost soul cries;  
Gray shapes fill the dreadful forest  
And flaunt through the tattered skies.  
Oh, lantern of love's warm comfort,  
Their voices are on the gale!  
They leer from the watchful shadows . . .  
And what if your light should fail?

*New York Evening Sun.*

*Luella Stewart*

### CORRECTION

"The good die young."

This proverb, stale and hoary,  
Has been a damper on the fires of youth  
And lured to sinful song and wicked story  
Victims of its untruth.

"The good die young,"

A half truth, lorn and lonely,  
Twisted, reversed, not meaning what it should—  
We get the right slant when we know that only  
The young die good!

*Chicago News.*

*T. K. H.*

## YORICK OBEYS.

Command!— and I'll do anything,  
Fair mistress of life's circus ring,  
I'll paint my face a clownish white,  
With antics japes for your delight.  
I'll fashion simian caperings,  
If you'll manipulate the strings.  
I'll hurtle hand-springs through Park Row  
If your high humor rules it so.  
I'll toe-dance on the Woolworth Tower,  
Ride bare-back through the luncheon hour,  
Jump down from Brooklyn Bridge at dawn,  
Turn somersaults on your front lawn—  
I'll leap, I'll fly. I'll jump, I'll swim,  
To satisfy your slightest whim!  
But, tyrant—why this final lash?  
O Amaryllis!—a mustache?

*New York Evening Post.*

*John Farrar.*

## OL'WOOD TO BURN.

Ben' yo' back 'cross uh dry oak stick,  
An' mek uh bucksaw whine,  
De man whut nevah done dat trick,  
He ain' no kin uh mine.  
'Roun' de house de wil' win moan,  
All thoo de wintuh night.  
Hit soun' so col' hit mek me groan,  
An' hug de stove up tight.

De ol' win' howl, de wood fiah snap,  
An' dat soun' good tuh me.  
An' Ah don' caih uh single rap,  
How col' hit git tuh be,  
Ef 'gainst de house dey is uh pile  
Uh heatin wood an' split,  
Dat look like hit plum' reach uh mile  
Befo' hit sta't tuh quit.



Yo' lay uh log uhcross de buck,  
An' tek uh bacon rin',  
Yo' gib dat saw uh swipe fo' luck,  
Hit easin' tuh yo' mine.  
Yo' sta't de sha'p teeth thoo de ba'k,  
An' bite intuh de wood,  
An' eve'ry stroke mek uh new ma'k,  
To keep yo' feelin' good.

All thoo dem cool days in de Fall,  
Ah mek mah bucksaw go,  
Yo' heah hit bite an' rasp an' call  
"Git ready fo' de snow."  
De groun' done freeze as ha'd as stones,  
De fros' so cool' and white,  
Uh miz'ry s'a'ch me tuh mah bones,  
An' dat am takin' right.

Ol' coal fiah mek me cough an' choke,  
De clinkuhs fill de grate,  
Yo' tek uh wagon rod an' poke  
To keep dat fiah straight.  
But ol' dry wood hit bu'n so cleah,  
An' smell so good an' sweet,  
Dey ain't no chance fo' coal 'roun' heah,  
'Caze wood done got hit beat.

Come night Ah's a sittin' in uh chaih,  
Dat got uh hick'ry seat,  
An' wife an' chillun bofe am thaih,  
Uh soakin' in de heat.  
Uh pile uh wood is 'gainst de wall,  
Mah ol' pipe drawin' fine,  
Ol' Wintuh got no chance uh tall, ,  
Tuh git at me an' mine.

*Kansas City Star.*

*Frank Markward.*

### SUNNY JIM.

I've a friend up the street, Sunny Jim is his name,  
He's an alien to wealth and a stranger to fame,  
But his song it is cheery, his whistle is loud,  
And his smile like the sun breaking out hrough a cloud

Fortune passes him by with her surliest frown,  
As in fear lest his hand touch the hem of her gown;  
Though his name has been skipped on Good Luck's  
    calling list,  
There's no sign on his face that her visits are missed.

He has watched for his ship till his sight has grown  
    dim,  
Ships come in for his friends; none, alas, for poor Jim!  
But the wine of content sparkles bright in his cup,  
While the goblets of many are bottom-side up.

I have often peeped in, as his shop I have passed,  
Just to hear his brisk hammer beat time on his last,  
And I've caught inspiration and hope from this song  
Which he sings in a voice that is mellow and strong:

    "I should like to believe that this gloomy old earth  
    From its sorrow and woe I beguile  
When I cheer my disconsolate friend with my mirth,  
    Or disperse his regret with my smile;  
And how happy I'd be could I know that my song  
    Would divert some sad heart from its tears,  
Cheer one lone forlorn pilgrim while trudging along,  
    And go echoing down through the years.

    " 'Twould be sweet to reflect, when life's journey is  
    done,  
    That some brightness around me I've shed,  
Though 'twere only that beams of the radiant sun  
    Had reflected from off my bald head.  
May some path be made smoother because of my tired  
    feet  
    Have worn down the sharp points of its stones;  
May some tree be made greener, its blossoms more  
    sweet  
    When its rootlets are fed by my bones."

There's a lesson for all in old Jim's simple song;  
Those who learn it find joy as they journey along,  
While the wine of content fills their cup to the brim.  
May we all choose the creed of my friend Sunny Jim.

*The Kossuth County Advance.*

*George H. Free.*

## A WANDERER'S SONG OF HOME.

O! sing ye a song of the white-flecked sea,  
Or the snow-capped mountains high,  
Then a song of the woods, where with dignity  
Great pine trees woo the sky.  
O! sing ye a song of the hot paved street  
Where the seething millions roam,  
But a man will turn his wandering feet  
When he hears a song of home.

I've worked on a ragged southbound tramp  
With a cargo for Belize  
Where the perfumed air and the tropic damp  
Is freighted on the breeze.

I've ridden and cursed on the rolling plain  
With the horses single file  
And I've joined the "jacks" in a bold refrain  
In their camp on "Forty Mile."

Great forests I've roamed with an Indian guide  
So silently swinging ahead,  
Till we stood on the crest of the Great Divide  
When the peaks were bathed in red.

And I've had my share of the city streets  
With their fevered restless night,  
Felt the racing pulse, heard the fitful beats  
Of the cafes bathed in light.

O! sing ye a song of the white-flecked sea,  
Or the snow-capped mountains high,  
Then a song of the woods, where with dignity  
Great pine trees woo the sky.  
O! sing ye a song of the hot paved street  
Where the seething millions roam,  
But a man will turn his wandering feet  
When he hears a song of home.

*New Orleans Times-Picayune. Stewart Van Der Veer.*

## BILL'S VACATION.

If Bill had gone  
    When all the others went away,  
I would never have known  
That I could miss him as I do today.  
    For if he had been like all the rest,  
My heart would not have been an uninvited guest  
    Following him this way, in lonely idleness.  
For God has laid a magic carpet for his feet  
    And October beckons from the hills  
Where she sits and weaves the gold and scarlet leaves  
    Into a net to catch an understanding heart like  
    Bill's.  
But she can never keep it for her own—  
    For he will waken in the night with a thrill of de-  
    light  
To hear the wild geese calling him to follow  
    And he will drift like a feather,  
Dropped from a wing in flight  
    Still a quiver with the longing to be gone.  
I know a cabin in the foothills  
    Where a lone pine tree is the only guide to show  
    the way  
To the door that never closes on my dreams,  
    And if I ever find it  
It will be in October and the fields and streams  
    Will not be a mirage that fades away,  
And when I am broiling bacon and making coffee  
    Just at dusk,  
With the sweet potatoes roasting  
    And the biscuit nearly done—  
Maybe Bill will be on a vacation  
    And accept the invitation  
To share the dream he started  
    When he took this one!

*The Washington Times.*

*M. S. P.*

## TO MY MOTHER.

My heart's devotion do I bring thee, Mother dear;  
For more and more I realize each passing year  
What thy great love and care has always meant to me.  
And what a debt of fealty I owe to thee:  
My advent into life was through the mortal pain;  
And in my careless childhood days thou did'st refrain  
From many pleasures that might otherwise be thine,  
In order to direct those restless feet of mine.

Through many years thy teaching has been sweet and  
pure,  
In loving wisdom given, that shall long endure,  
With better life and higher altitudes attained  
Because of helpful lessons from thy precepts gained;  
And Mother dear, mayhap in days that have gone by,  
At times a thoughtless act of mine has made thee sigh;  
But now I pledge thee in the strength of riper years,  
That nothing I shall do will bring thee pain or tears.  
*Kansas City Journal.*                      *Leroy Huron Kelsey.*

## "MOTHER."

I'm very weary mother dear, my thoughts turn back  
to thee,  
When all forlorn, I ran to you and knelt beside your  
knee.  
How comforting your touch e'er seemed, it soothed the  
weary ache,  
That filled my wayward heart, at times, until it seemed  
to break,  
And if I could, my mother, but reach your form and  
side,  
I think I'd bow my head quite low and 'neath your gar-  
ments hide,  
Just as I did, when dark came on and frightened me,  
of yore.  
And you would cuddle me awhile and open wide the  
door,  
Where light, and life, and love, and peace (which form-  
ed our little home)'  
Were plainly seen, and then I'd sigh, contented, though  
alone.

But now, my mother, though I cry with agony of mind,  
There is no one in all the world (like you), so good, and  
kind.

And all the ache and weariness, I battle with a hope!  
That in some way I yet may bear, the heaviest of yoke.  
Dear mother, come to me through space, for just a little  
while?

Bestow on me, one single glance, one dear remembered  
smile?

My mind and soul, are centered on you and God so  
great,

Together may you come to me, the victim of strange  
fate.

I'll bow my head submissively, if I but feel your clasp,  
'Tis little, from a Ruler wise, that I most humbly ask.

You'll come, I know, through space unknown, to cheer  
your drooping child,

Who needs you, in her struggle, to live the undefiled.

*Philadelphia Press.*

*Anna Graves Henry.*

### THE DERELICT.

She had six black and scattered teeth,  
Her hair was white and fine,  
Her back had borne its weight as well  
As either yours or mine.

But now she drifts a derelict  
With none to mourn or sigh,  
Though she was once as well beloved  
As either you or I.

Her mind a maze, her throat a thirst,  
What would she not defy?  
Yet she was quite as comely once  
As either you or I.

And though she drifts a derelict,  
Who knows the reason why?  
She'll drift back to the Father's port,  
As so shall you or I.

"Sit not down in the highest place,"  
For when this life slips by,  
She may be dearer to His heart  
Than either you or I.

*Boston Record.*

*Marie Tello Phillips.*

## MOTHER'S DAY.

I saw her sitting there each day—  
A woman, wrinkled, bent and gray,  
Who oft' with trembling hand, so weak,  
A kerchief pressed to furrowed cheek,  
A lonely woman in whose eyes  
There shone no glint of summer skies;  
But, as I passed that way just now,  
She smiled, and gave a friendly bow.  
Behold the miracle there wrought!—  
No fairer face hath artist caught,  
As those dear lips told of her joy—  
"He's coming home—My boy! My boy!"

*Buffalo Enquirer.*

*Edward J. Denneen.*

## THE PRISONER.

The grave holds dust, the toy of playful winds;  
These walls of stone hold only patterned clay.  
If you seek me behind these bars of steel,  
You search in vain, for I am far away.  
Lost midst the sails in Bangor's port,  
Swaying sails, red-brown and white:  
A-dream on a beach where the feathery palms  
Bow with the wind's caress all night.  
A-drift on the Nile, neath a coppery moon,  
The Desert's melody sweet in my ears;  
Reckoning no hours, no coming dawns,  
Knowing no past, no future fears.

These walls of stone are a rock-sown coast,  
That slowly fades from sight;  
These bars—tall masts of ships outbound,  
That carry me far at night:  
The rising moon makes the billowy sea  
I plow in a silver trail,  
And the song the night wind carries far  
Is the chanty-up for my flapping sail.

*Kansas City Star.*

*Whitelaw Saunders.*

## HOPE.

Let me sing of a grace with a sweet winsome face  
And a song which no tryant can still;  
With the laugh of a child, with a heart undefiled,  
And a smile like the sun on a hill.  
O, her step is as light as the dewdrops of night,  
And her breath sweet as roses that ope  
When their love has been won by the kiss of the sun—  
I would sing of that sweet fairy, Hope.  
When the bird seeks his mate, at the prompting of  
Fate,  
There is passionate love in his breast;  
But 'tis Hope fills his heart when, with consummate art,  
He entwines the rude twigs in a nest;  
Lit by Hope, iris-hued, in the grim solitude  
Of the shaft, does the gold miner grope,  
And the sailor clings fast to the tempest-tossed mast,  
Buoyed up by the sweet voice of Hope.  
Ne'er was planted a seed, nor performed mighty deed,  
But to lyric of Hope it was done;  
Never edifice high lifted dome to the sky,  
But hope whispered, and straight 'twas begun.  
Who, with Hope lying dead, would have courage to  
tread  
Earth's dark maze and with Life's problems cope.  
Dainty weaver of dreams spun from misty moonbeams,  
E'er abide in my bosom, sweet Hope."

*Upper Des Moines Republican.*

*George H. Free.*

## GOLF AND LIFE.

The game of golf is a game of life,  
Though play in name, it is filled with strife:  
With a "drive" is begun the ancient game,  
And "drive" one must have on the road to fame;  
Then a "brassie" shot from a goodly lie—  
Oft the man with "brass" gets smoothly by;  
An "iron" shot carries the ball to the hole;  
As the man of "iron" attains his goal!  
A putt, and the ball rolls in the cup—  
So man rests in sod when his days are up.



But perchance the road is not so straight,  
A slice is the blow of an unkind fate  
That carries one off where the road is rough—  
Where the going is hard and the outlook tough.  
Here the niblick shot comes into play  
And a swift sure stroke may win the day,  
Till a hidden trap stops the forward pace  
And the player falls from his leading place.  
The game of golf is the game of life—  
He who plays the game enjoys the strife.

*Journal American Medical Association. Morris Fishbein.*

### THE END OF THE TRAIL

If I live a life that is clean and square  
And aid my fellow man  
By lending a hand to help him bear  
His burdens the best that I can,  
I need not fear what its close may be,  
Nor how critics my life shall assail,  
Nor what the future holds out for me  
When I reach the end of the trail.

If I speak a word of good cheer to one  
Whose sorrows have broken him down,  
And thus give him hope to struggle on  
With a smile instead of a frown,  
I shall not fear when the shadows fall  
And my earthly strength shall fail;  
I'll trust in Him, who redeemed us all,  
When I reach the end of the trail.

If a part of my little I freely give  
To help those who faint by the way,  
Or even pure water, so thirsty ones live  
Not thinking what will be my pay,  
Whether I live in a house by the side of the road,  
By the mountain, by river, or vale,  
I'm willing to reap the seed that I've sowed,  
When I reach the end of the trail.

*Modern Woodman.*

*O. M. Artell.*

## CHILDREN.

Children are the blossoms of life, my friend,  
And the perfumes that each exhales  
Makes living the path where the springtime creeps  
Bedecking the hills and vales.

Children are the love of the world, my friend,  
And the households they bless are fair.  
Though poverty comes, still a gladness thrives  
If only a child is there.

Children are the hope of the race of men,  
Since the future is theirs in full.  
The evils we leave must be theirs to fight  
In the chaos of Push and Pull.

Children are the rulers of all the land;  
Every one with a laugh or smile  
Is holding and cheering some older heart,  
And making this life worth while.

*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*                      *Helen Emma Maring.*

## A DISTURBANCE IN FAIRYLAND.

In the Wide, Dense Forest beyond the Wold,  
Ne'er by foot of man betrayed,  
Hemmed in by a Thicket of Green and Gold,  
Lies a Wonderful Fairy Glade.

Julie and Florence, Mercedes and I  
Discovered the Secret Spot,  
And every day, when the sun is high,  
We repair to the Fairy Grot.

We talk fairy talk, and bow to the Queen  
Who sits in her golden Carriage.  
With fair Prince Charming we dance on the Green  
To celebrate Snow-white's Marriage.

We take turns at riding the Winged Horse,  
And we drink at the Wishing Well,  
And all of us run, in terror, of course,  
From the Witch of the Doleful Dell.

Oh, we always had the loveliest times,  
Till new people moved next door,  
And that Horrid little Susan Grimes  
Came over to play with us four!

She said our Winged Horse was a bee!  
And our Golden Carriage a log!  
Said our Wishing Well was a ol' plumtree,  
An' Prince Charming only a dog!

She said, "Your ol' Witch—bah! Who's afraid  
Of a advertising card?  
An' your Forest Green an' your Fairy Glade  
Are only your own backyard!"

Whatever we did, she wouldn't play fair—  
Said she wouldn't be any Gnome,  
An sat on our Castle an' called it a chair!  
So we slapped her an' sent her home!

*New York Times.*

*Alice W. Forsyth.*

### THE AMBITIOUS MOUSE.

If all the world were candy  
And the sky were frosted cake,  
Oh, it would be a splendid job  
For a mouse to undertake!

To eat a path of sweetmeats  
Through candy forest aisles  
Explore the land of peppermint  
Stretched out for miles and miles..

To gobble up a cloudlet,  
A little cup-cake star,  
To swim a lake of liquid sweets  
With shores of chocolate bar.

But, best of all the eating,  
Would be the toothsome fat,  
Thiuphant hour of mouse-desire—  
To eat a candy cat!

*The New York World.*

*John Farrar.*

### A SPLINTER IN MY TOE.

Stuck a splinter in my toe;  
Nothin' much to fuss about,  
But the folks pulled off a show  
When they all found it out.  
I was showin' it to Jack—  
Sorter braggin' on its size;  
"Gee!" he says, "it's big and black!  
Bet you it's gonna rise."

"Stuck a splinter in yer toe!"  
Puffed my mother, rushin' in;  
"Bring me my housewife, Joe,  
I'll pick it with a pin.  
I shan't hurt a single bit—  
If you'll promise not to squeal —  
And I'll tie a string on it;  
So you can't even feel."

"Stuck a splinter in yer toe!"  
Wheezed by grandma with a cough,  
"And you never told us so;  
The nail might fester off.  
Let me get my glasses now,  
So's to see what I'm about;  
And I'll come and show you how  
To squeeze that splinter out."

"Stuck a splinter in year toe!"  
Cried my high school sister Kate;  
"To a specialist you'll go!  
And have him operate.  
Might be fatal to delay!"  
She shrieked with wild inflection.  
"Listen, now to what I say—  
There's danger of infection!"

"Stuck a splinter in yer toe?"  
Father roared above the strife,  
"Lim-me see—don't wiggle so!  
I'll fix it with my knife."  
Out he whipped a rusty blade,  
And wiped it on his knee;  
And while I yelled an' sister prayed,  
He set that splinter free.

"Stuck a splinter in yer toe?"  
Better keep it from yer dad;  
Oughta tell somebody, though,  
Else you might wish you had;  
Fer a splinter in yer toe  
Is like a secret sin;  
It's naggin', gnawing woe  
An it's better out than in.

*Kansas City Star.*

*L. Anna Owens.*

#### AT SUMMER'S END.

At Summer's end, when boyhood anchors fast to books  
again,  
'Tis little wonder all their dreams are dreams of being  
men;  
For grownup years bring liberties unbound by Learn-  
ing's latch—  
Men get to linger longer for the fish they didn't catch!  
At Summer's end a boy must go his weary way to  
school  
With haunting thoughts of fish still free in some far  
distant pool.  
He sees himself—his comrade, too—there in a silent  
quest  
For just one more—that Jumbo fish—the biggest and  
the best.  
At Summer's end a boy recalls with pessimistic view  
A hundred happy summer things that he had planned  
to do;  
The bandit's cave, the pirate ship, the homemade ket-  
tledrum  
Must all be projects put aside for summers yet to  
come.

At Summer's end, however, you will never hear a boy  
Admit to any other that he's missed a single joy.  
He tells of great adventures where some rushing river  
    flowed;  
He'd gone alone—unarmed—to find some animal's  
    abode.

At Summer's end he whispers, too, in a confidential  
    way,  
Of having met "a certain girl a certain place" one day.  
He smiled at her—and she smiled back—her eyes were  
    roguish blue—  
Would she back next summer? Yes, of course! He'd  
    asked her to!

At Summer's end men smile at boys and think of days  
    gone by  
When summer's end brought memories, each sweeten-  
    ed with a sigh;  
For summer's ends are old as time, and boys now  
    grown to men  
Would give their all could they recall those same boy-  
    thrills again!

*Indianapolis News.*

*William Herschell.*

## VISION.

Last night I crept across the snow  
Where only tracking rabbits go,  
And there I waited, quite alone  
Until the Christmas radiance shone.

At midnight twenty angels came,  
Each white and shining like a flame,  
At midnight twenty angels sang,  
The stars swung out like bells, and rang.

They lifted me across the hill,  
They bore me in their arms until  
A greater glory greeted them,  
It was the town of Bethlehem.

And gently, then, they set me down,  
All worshipping that holy town,  
And gently, then, they bade me raise  
My head to worship and to praise.

And gently, then, the Christ smiled down,  
Ah, there was glory in that town!  
It was as if the world were free  
And glistening in purity.

There, in that vault of crystal blue,  
It was as if the world were new,  
And myriad angels, file on file,  
Gloried in the Christ-child's smile.

It was so beautiful to see,  
Such glory for a child like me.  
So beautiful, it does not seem  
It could have been a Christmas dream!

*The New York World.*

*John Farrar.*

### NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

Your New Year resolutions are such easy things to  
make,  
But I'm sure that you will find they are much easier  
to break;  
You have a list of things you'll do, you have a list  
marked "Don't,"  
And though you vow you'll keep them all, I'll wager  
that you don't.

You'll give up this or that thing with a ready, cheery  
smile,  
But the smile will quickly fade away in just a little  
while;  
You're cross, unstrung and touchy, and you wish you  
had a smoke,  
And then you realize that resolutions are no joke.

A week or two you stand it, but it takes a lot of power  
To keep your resolutions, and you're weakening every  
hour.

"Oh, for one smoke," you deeply sigh, "no one will ever  
know."

But yet my friend, do not forget, your face your guilt  
will show.

Another week of torture, then your disposition sweet  
Has left you; you are nervous, and you cannot sleep or  
eat.

"Oh, hang the resolutions, I'm a total wreck right  
now—

One thing is sure, I tell you; I'll not make another  
vow."

*The Publishers' Auxiliary.*

*Frances T. Edson.*

## WHEN PA HAS LUMBAGO.

The worstest times we ever know  
At our house in "Renters Row,"  
Is when my dad gets lumbago  
And wants the doctor quick;  
He takes on so us kids all cry,  
'Cause we're so 'fraid he's gonna die,  
An' all the folks 'at's passin' by,  
Stop in to see who's sick.

He yells, "That mustard drought's too strong  
I tell you I can't stand it long!"  
An' nen he'll vow there's something wrong  
The doctors ain't found out.  
Between his groans we'll her him tell  
My ma it is his hardest spell,  
An' that in time, he may get well,  
But he has ser'us doubt.



Ma has to stand right by the bed,  
An' hold his hand, er rub his head,  
An' when we're scared he might be dead,  
    He'll blow his nose an' say—  
"I'll starve to death if I don't eat;  
Run, broil me a slice o' meat,  
An' fix me something rich an' sweet,  
    I'm mighty weak today."

An' when his eats is cookin' done,  
If Mrs. Clark, er any one,  
Comes in, ma has the mostest fun  
    Amakin' sport o' pa;  
An' if the company's Mrs. May,  
She'll laugh an' hold her sides an' say—  
"I guess they're all that very way;  
    But mine beats all I ever saw."

*Kansas City Times.*

*L. Anna Owens.*

### RESURGAM.

The war cloud, darkling, trailed the earth  
    For four long weary years;  
And when at last the sun burst forth,  
    It found a world in tears  
The breaking hearts in sadness sought  
    A balm to ease their pain—  
What blame to them if at the first  
    They stumbled with small gain?

Unchastened hearts had strayed afar  
    From early Christian ruth;  
Inflated minds had made the boast  
    That Christ, in very truth,  
Was son in flesh to Joseph good,  
    The same in kind as we,  
That good in him compared with ours  
    Was only in degree!

What comfort could a mere man give,  
Howe'er so good and kind?  
He could not make their dead to live;  
No help there could they find.  
From seance and from ouija board  
Then they some token sought,  
Some sign their dead should live again—  
No hope by science wrought.

Comes now the joyous Eastertide  
With burst of praise and song;  
While hearts attuned to prayer sincere  
The glad news bear along;  
For "Christ is risen," this glad morn,  
"Come see ye where He lay."  
Only the linen cloths were left  
On that first Easter day!

And Easter's message cheers those hearts;  
They join the Roman's cry,  
"This truly was the Son of God  
That we raised up on high!"  
Our dead we now can leave with Him,  
Safe they from ev'ry pain,  
Like as Himself He'll raise them up  
To feel our love again!

*Kansas City Star.*

*Emma Upton Vaughn.*

### MARCH MORNING.

A pale sun glints across the swirling drifts,  
Bent trees are crackling with a silver load,  
A wild gale shrieks in mischief as it lifts  
A stinging screen of flakes across the road.

It seems midwinter still, and still the world  
Lies wrapped in sleep upon the year's high shelf,  
But March is such a rogue, his challenge hurled  
In fury cannot hide his other self.

A softer azure tints the sky's cold blue,  
Sometimes, for moments, all the wind is quiet,  
Ice jewels melt to tears the rendezvous .  
Of ruffled sparrows teems with April riot.

Still roars the lion, but the lamb is bolder,  
The madness has a subtle touch of play,  
The night was Winter, but the Spring grown older,  
Knows what a sham of Winter is today.

*New York Times.*

*Edna Mead.*

### IN APRIL.

Young Spring stands on a hill-top  
With a beckoning staff of green  
Till I meet his eyes  
With a swift surprise  
And feel my soul swept clean—

Clean and sweet and vernal  
With not one scar nor stain.  
Quick for the boon eternal  
Of April's sun and rain.

Young Spring stands on a hill-top  
Against the morning gold,  
And his song hurled  
Across the world  
Till no man more is old.

For he will not walk with sorrow,  
But with bursting buds, in sooth,  
He lets me glimpse tomorrow,  
And the feast he spreads for youth.

Young Spring stands on a hill-top  
While I—my hearts aflame!  
Young Spring waits on a hill-top,  
And calls—my name!

*New York Times.*

*Edna Mead.*

## IN MAY.

The rain that's falling soft and slow  
Has set the tulip bed aglow,  
    A flaming mass of color.  
And oh, the yellow and the red  
Against the blackness of the bed—  
    The garden seems enchanted.

And how the tiny rose leaves shine,  
So new and wet, and on the vine  
    A tiny yellow warbler.  
And in my heart I bend my knee  
To Him who made such things to be—  
    So exquisite and tender.

*Buffalo Commercial.*

*Alice Baker.*

## AN AUGUST CRICKET.

When August days are hot and long,  
    And the August hills are hazy,  
And clouds are slow and winds also,  
    And brooks are low and lazy.

When beats the fierce midsummer sun,  
    Upon the drying grasses;  
A modest minstrel sings his song  
    To any soul that passes.

A modest, yet insistent bard  
    Who while the landscape slumbers;  
And Nature seems, herself asleep,  
    Pours out his soul in numbers.

His song is in a tongue unknown,  
    Yet those, methink, who hear it  
Drink in it's healing melody  
    Renewed in frame and spirit.

His life is brief as is the leaf  
    To summer branches clinging!  
But yet no thought of death or grief,  
    He mentions in his singing.

No epic strain is his to sing;—  
No tale of loss or glory;—  
He has no borrowed heroines;  
His heroes are not gory.

He is no scholar; all he knows  
Was taught by his condition,  
He never studied synthesis,  
Nor simple composition.

His lays are all of rustic themes;  
Of summer's joys and treasure  
Yet scarce could Homer's masterpiece,  
Afford us keener pleasure.

*Springfield Republican.*

*Arthur Goodenough.*

#### THE OLD FASHIONED FOURTH.

What has become of the old-fashioned Fourth, and the  
picnic they held in the woods?—  
Where the kids fired their crackers and drank lemonade  
and invested in prize-package goods?  
Where is the old-fashioned merry-go-round with a  
horse in the center for power?—  
And the swains and their sweethearts who sat in the  
“scrapers” and courted and rode by the hour?  
What has become of the horses and buggies lined up at  
the fence in a row?—  
And where are the whips the men carried in hand, and  
where did the lap-dusters go?  
Where is the old-fashioned hamper containing the fried  
chicken, pickles and cake?—  
The white bread home-made and the cherry bounce,  
and the jam that they used to make?  
Where are the two-for-5-cents cigars that we got by  
pitching a ring  
At a knife or a peg set up in a board? . . . Where's  
everything?

*Publishers' Auxiliary.*

*Charles Frederick Wadsworth*

## GOLDEN DAYS.

November days are gray and drear and apt to set one weeping;  
December's frost proclaims the fact that winter's only sleeping!  
Oh, what care I for summer's blaze or spring's romantic story!  
Give me the sunny autumn days—October's golden glory!

The springtime blossoms pink and white are fragile as the lily;  
They shrink before stern winter's frown, and droop when winds grow chilly!  
But autumn's sturdy crimson blooms defy the storm-king hoary,  
And spring to swell the beauty of October's golden glory!

There's nothing like October's winds with breezes keen and bracing,  
To straighten weary shoulders and set weary feet a-racing!  
They sweep away life's sordid cares—fore-tell a brighter story,  
As the sunny days grow shorter, of October's golden glory!

There's a cheery note of welcome in the hearth fire's glowing embers,  
What care we for snows of winter or the rain mists of November,  
When the cellar's piled with apples crimson-cheeked and round and mellow,  
And the pumpkins flaunt their splendor in their gorgeous coats of yellow!

Let May keep her springtime blossoms; June, her blushing bridal roses!  
What care we for April's tear-drops or September's changeful poses!

For like some sun-kissed oasis twixt the heat and winter's story,  
Stretches all the sunny brightness of October's golden glory!

*Detroit Free Press.*

*Jean Fraser MacDonald.*

### ALL THE WORLD A GLORY.

Once again October in its beauty,  
Scarlet leaves and gold along the lane  
Where the maples lure us with their color.  
All the world a glory once again.

Crimson ivy clinging to the fences,  
Late birds singing by the riverside,  
Golden-rod and asters yet in blossom,  
Olden dreams with mellow eventide.

Bonfires gaily blazing in the twilight.  
Kiddies laughing, dancing in their fun,  
Cracking nuts they've gathered from the woodland—  
What a world, when all is said and done!

Time to gather round the gratefire, smiling,  
Time to put our doubts and fears to rest,  
Just to live and love in gay October  
And the glorious world it at its best!

Time to have a little hour of music,  
Time to sing the old songs that we love,  
Time to look up with a grateful spirit  
For our blessings sweet, sent from above.

*The Detroit Free Press.*

*Myrtella Southerland.*

## NOVEMBER.

I would forget so many things;  
The moaning wind, and rain,  
Uncanny sounds of ghostly hands  
At door and window pane.

I would forget the perished leaves  
And grass, dismantled trees—  
Old loves and hopes, the youth of me  
That passed away with these.

But when I see November come,  
How shall I then forget;  
The other years return with her—  
Remembrance and regret.

*Chicago Tribune.*

*E. C.*

## CHRISTMAS MEMORIES.

No matter how great man grows to be,  
Or whither his steps in Fortune's favor roam,  
The heart returns through the lane of memory,  
On Christmas Eve, to his childhood days and home.

When Christmas comes! How fancy will wander back  
Across the silent years—with a longing gaze—  
As a weary pilgrim plods a beaten track  
And visits old scenes of merry, vanished days.

There is a tender and everlasting chain  
Which links the soul of memory with delight,  
Serenely shining through all the years remain,  
Reflecting visions of joy round Christmas night.  
*The Washington Times.*      *George Sands Johnson.*



## CHRISTMAS.

'Twill soon be Christmas, merry Christmas,  
To commemorate the birth of our Lord and King.  
'Twill soon be Christmas, merry Christmas,  
With the many pleasures it doth bring.

And well may the people both old and young,  
Enjoy the pleasures of this day,  
Which, by the birth of Christ was begun  
To enlighten us on our way.

Though pleasant to us as this day seems,  
How many there are over the ocean wave.  
Who know not what it means  
When we say: "Christ died the world to save."

Then on that day let us not only our vows renew  
To be better in the future than in the past,  
But may we a messenger send across the ocean blue  
To enlighten the heathen and make his faith  
steadfast.

And when our life in this dreary world is o'er,  
May we dwell in the heavens above,  
When we can celebrate Christmas forevermore  
In the presence of the God of love.  
*The Coconino Sun.*                      *Albert B. Reagan.*

## FOR ELECTION DAY.

(An Invocation)

Thy spirit I invoke, Humanity,  
For these, my countrymen, today!  
May they thine own most holy purpose see,  
And feel thy noble sway!

I ask thine influence, kindly Brotherhood,  
For all who hesitate in doubt.  
Thrill them with love! Make kindness understood!  
Cast all their jealous rancors out!

Give of thy blessed grace. O Sympathy!  
Let these, my fellow humans, feel  
Regard for man, wherever he may be,  
And make his grievous woes appeal!

The day is here, now, when our land must know  
Exactly how its own heart beats.  
I beg, O Progress, that our votes may show  
A nation freed from treacherous deceits!

Give of thy power, I pray thee, Prophecy,  
A long, clear vision of the way,  
Lest in great blindness fatal errors be  
On this most potent, solemn day!

*New York Times.*

*Lurana Sheldon.*

## NEW PORTS.

### *Under the League of Nations.*

New seas to sail, new ports to seek, forever!  
Pilots of Old World harbors know their own.  
They keep the charts that show where ships have  
blown  
Hard on to wreck—have seen the cordage sever,  
And heard the timbers shiver in the shock  
Of wild disaster. They can guide to shelter  
The stranger craft through all the maddening  
welter  
Of waters foaming down the riving rock.  
New ports to seek! The goal of man's seafaring  
Beaconed the fathers—Harbors yet unknown,  
Dangers to draw the breath in with a moan,  
And stop the hearts of any but the daring.  
They brought no charts from Plymouth, Leyden, Rye.  
They sought new channels where new seas were  
pounding.  
They risked the depths and after made the sound-  
ing  
For those to follow who had wills less high.

New seas, new ports, new pilots, new adventures!  
We take the undiscovered for our own.  
We watch no buoys of safety or flags shown  
By pilots bound to yesterday's indentures,  
Our watchword is Tomorrow. Let them lag,  
Old-harbor waters, foul with carrion rotting.  
There still are wide sea spaces or man's plotting,  
And stars of new endeavor for his flag.

New ports! And they are ours! Let others falter  
Because the Captain must be pilot, too—  
Because night seems to thicken in the blue.  
Not for our wrists the gyves, our necks the halter,  
That fasten dullness to his lord, deceit.  
We follow noon along the blazing furrow.  
Under dead maxims let the craven burrow,  
While fear builds prison walls about their feet.

New ports we enter now, our pennants flying!  
Forward we go! Let other craft beware!  
Their holds are flooded, while their Captains stare,  
Dreaming that we, not they, have joined the dying.  
New ports, new hopes for man, new morning skies!  
We gave no pledge to yesterday's illusions.  
We have no part in self-devised confusions.  
Onward across new deeps our purpose lies.  
*New York Times.*                      *Lewis Worthington Smith.*

### THE VOTE.

If by my vote I help my Maker, God,  
To grow a flower upon some barren sod,  
To bear the burden of my sister's load,  
To build for little feet a smoother road—  
Then let me vote.

If by my vote the world be brought to see  
The greatness of the thing that lies in me—  
The woman strong and tender, faithful, true,  
With love unbounded as the heaven's blue—  
Then let me vote.

If by my vote I help my country gain  
The vision of some longed-for, distant main,  
The summit of some far-upreaching goal,  
A star, long cherished, sought for by her soul—  
Then let me vote.

If by my vote I cause my State to throw  
Her arm around a weaker till it grow,  
In loyal trust to weld the bonds that hold  
The Stars and Stripes within one common fold—  
Then let me vote.

If by my vote my home become a part  
Of the great home where beats the Father's heart,  
If from her window broader shine the gleam  
Of love until it widen to a stream—  
Then let me vote.

If by my vote my soul shall keep her faith  
In all mankind, if even unto death  
I faithful prove to God and to my land—  
Then fearless take this ballot from my hand  
And count my vote.

*New York Times.*

*Erene E. Angelman.*

### THE WOMAN VOTER SPEAKS.

Always before, I asked you what you thought  
And shaped my thought by yours—the way I cut  
My garments by a pattern: "He says this."  
Or "He says that," I'd quote, with wifely pride.  
Almost I smile at the absurdity  
Of setting up my thought against your own—  
You, whose approval gave my heart content,  
Whether it was for hat, or dress, or shoes,  
Or for the dish you thought I seasoned well.  
And yet—do you remember?—childhood's cares,  
Bedtime, and prayers, and food, you left to me.  
"Go to your mother, children," you would say;  
"She knows what it is best for you to do!"

*How did I know?*

And how, again, today,  
When the sad world is crying at my door  
For food and clothing, and maternal care,  
How know I what is right for me to do,  
Or how to use the power so strangely given?  
I grope, and grope, and try to feel my way;  
And yet, as birds are guided through the air  
This migrant Autumn, so I seem to see  
A Light—a Light like that which guided once  
The shepherds to the Babe of Bethlehem.  
I cannot argue—I can only feel!  
I find no answer for your clever words;  
It may be in the centuries to come,  
When I have grown as wise as you are now,  
I, too, shall smile, as at a twice-told tale,  
When poets yearn for universal peace.  
But yet—I know not! Let me dream my dream!—  
Maternity is going to the polls!

*New York Times*

*Florence Van Cleve.*

## OBSERVATIONS OF HOHEN.

I have been led to believe that two and two make four  
even in the remote parts of this terrestrial sphere  
And I am reliably informed that even the foreign  
devils entertain conscientious scruples against  
murder and theft and the ordinary forms of crime.  
Indeed, the standards of right and wrong are much the  
same the whole world over.  
It appears that a monopoly of virtue is impossible  
then, to any nation.

\* \* \*

I am forced to the solemn but unflattering conviction  
that all mankind shares a common origin and des-  
tiny; but for political reasons it would never do  
to admit this.

We should then have no excuse to maintain large and  
expensive armies and navies to protect our national  
virtues against the assaults of strangers.

\* \* \*

If the commonalty of the world should unite in understanding there would be no jobs for rulers and kings.

Tell the people that they are chosen of the gods; it is not difficult to convince any man of his superiority.

*Chicago Daily News.*

*T. K. H.*

### THE ETERNAL QUESTION.

From far Podunk to Possum Trot,  
From Stover's Run to Wounded Knee,  
From every known and unknown spot  
Throughout this nation of the free,  
The question that perplexes sore,  
For which the answer all await,  
Is echoed o'er and o'er and o'er—  
Who will the Party nominate?

From early dawn till late at night,  
In speculative argument  
Bold champions soar in verbal flight,  
And give their own opinions vent.  
But after all their utmost pains  
The matter to elucidate,  
Alas, the question still remains—  
Who will the Party nominate?

The witching hour draweth nigh  
When stalwarts go to meet the fray;  
Convention-ward is borne the cry  
Of delegates upon the way.  
But still the vexing question sticks—  
So long, so long we're forced to wait!  
Who shall espouse our politics?  
Who will the Party nominate?  
From far Podunk to Possum Trot,  
From Stover's Run to Wounded Knee,  
The Party caldron boileth hot,  
And there is great uncertainty;  
For who can know what is in store—

What trump-card is reserved by Fate?  
Ah, still the question evermore—  
Who will the Party nominate?

*Arkansas Writer.*

*Sidney Warren Mase.*

## REPUBLICAN CAMPAIGN SONG.

*("Boys, Get the Money!"—Upham.)*

G. Harding is our candidate,  
He's broad as he is wide,  
And Warren has the confidence  
Of all the countryside.  
Oh, Harding is the one best bet,  
We know that he will win,  
And lift our country from the muck  
That Wilson left it in,—

But, boys, get the money!  
Boys, get the money!  
We've got the man,  
We know we can,—  
But go get the money!

The democrats, the democrats,  
Are mighty sorely pressed;  
As bunglers and incompetents  
They stand out self-confessed;  
Oh, who's not tired of democrats  
And democratic talk?  
We've got a line of argument  
Will win it in a walk,—

But, boys, get the money!  
Boys, get the money!  
No use to shout  
The thing about,  
But go get the money!

The democratic party boss  
Has gone up in the air,  
This league of nations business  
Has left him in despair,

And all the subtle arguments  
That Cox can rake or scrape  
Can't keep G. Harding from the goal,  
He'll breeze across the tape,—

But, boys, get the money!  
Boys, get the money!  
We're on the square,  
We'll do it fair,—  
But go get the money!

The country wants the good old times  
That are no longer here,  
When Hanna ruled the ship of state,  
And now this is our year.  
We'll get the presidency sure,  
There's no use to deny it;  
We'll get it on our record, too,—  
We do not have to buy it,—

But, boys, get the money!  
Boys, get the money!  
You know the men,  
See them again,—  
And come back with the money!

*Atlanta Constitution.*

*J. E. Scruggs.*

### JIMMY'S COAT.

*(Coat worn by Gov. James M. Cox, Democratic Presidential Candidate on his visit to Seattle, Washington.)*

Take a slant at Jimmy's coat,  
Tiger-striped, as you will note;  
Murpheyesque in lines and hue,  
Taggart-like in motif too.

How can he proclaim he's dry  
With this garb to shock the eye?  
Tailors wouldn't dare to put  
Such a thing on "Pussyfoot."



Jimmy's raiment harks us back  
To the festive racing track.  
Can't you hear the "bookies" shout  
And the whispers of the tout?

Needn't tell us where he's at—  
Wet or dry—his coat tells that.  
Bryan took one slant at it,  
Then his heart curled up and quit.

*National Republican.*

*Carlton Fitchett.*

### MRS. COOLIDGE SPEAKS.

*("I'm for keeping our little home in spite of our fine political prospects," said the wife of the vice-president-elect.)*

I'm for keeping our little home whatever else we do;  
Further than that I have no plans, its largely up to  
you;

After next March we must put on starch and breeze  
about a bit,

You and the boys must make some noise and dress and  
act to fit.

Our colors are high, but by and by it all may go ka-  
floo,

So I'm for keeping the little home whatever else we  
do.

This home is something we made ourselves by working  
long and hard,

It isn't something a landslide brought and landed in  
our yard;

It wasn't voted onto our hands, we earned it day by  
day,

But the White House comes as the people's gift with  
bands and a whoop hooray!

But the people give and they take away and the days of  
the great are few,

So I'm for keeping the little home whatever else we  
do.

*New York Mail.*

*C. L. Edson*

## BACK TO NORMALCY.

The times have been so out of joint  
That folks have taked till hoarse,  
Endeavoring to score a point,  
Which was a proper course;  
But millions having cast their votes  
And said what things shall be,  
Let's cut out all discordant notes—  
Get back to normal C.

The ship of state (and commerce, too)  
Has had a voyage rough,  
But now it's up to you—and you—  
To cut the fancy stuff  
And pour the oil of fairness o'er  
The billows rolling free,  
To make it smooth from shore to shore —  
Get back to normal sea.

If every one will lend a hand  
To do the work in sight,  
A change will come upon the land,  
And almost over night  
We'll make our politics and trade  
Just what we'd have them be,  
And by the efforts we have made,  
Get back to normal. See?

*Publishers' Auxiliary. Charles Frederick Wadsworth.*

## HER CHARM.

Miss Jane Maria Anderson  
Was little, old and shy;  
Dame Fortune never smiled on her  
And Love had passed her by.  
She never spoke, but with a meek,  
Apologetic air,  
The women pitied her, the men  
Ignored her everywhere.

But life has changed for homely Jane,  
And she is courted now;  
The ladies stop to chat with her,  
The men are quick to bow.  
They talked to her of weighty things  
And her opinions quote,  
And send her campaign literature—  
You see she has a vote.

*New York Herald.*

*Minna Irving.*

### NOW THAT IT'S ALL OVER.

They tell us since we've cleaned the house,  
And slipped the Dimmycrats the rause,  
That all these birds who've shimmied in  
Will give us something else than chin;  
That living costs will hit the chute  
And profiteers will get the boot—

Well, Mebbe so;  
I dunno.

They say they'll run this government,  
And tell us how they spend each cent,  
And none will go for graft and such,  
And no one will be cheated (much),  
And taxes will be cut in two,  
And all our dearest dreams come true.

Well, Mebbe so;  
I dunno.

No waste, no inefficiency;  
The birds will sing in every tree,  
And grafters will be sent to jail,  
And not a soul will go their bail.  
No countries then will start a fuss,  
Or if they do they won't fight us. . .

Well, Mebbe so;  
I dunno.

They sketch in words that gleam and glow  
A beautiful scenario;  
And thought it may not work so gay,  
It listens pretty anyway,  
No guile, no graft, no rift, no row,  
Noo way, nowhere, no time, nohow.  
    We-e-e-ell, mebbe so,  
    Mebbe so,  
    But, I dunno!

*Chicago Tribune.*

*J. P. McEvoy.*

### NINETTE, AND YOU.

Ninette was full of zip and snap,  
    Une vraie, by gosh, Pairsienne.  
Ninette would flirt, nor care a rap,  
    Which man 'twas, just so they were men,  
And though you knew she lied, she'd vow  
That she'd be true to you alone.  
    Ninette today  
    Is far away,  
And I am back with you, my own.

Yes, Dorothy, I'm back again.  
    I love you for your sterling worth.  
You're intellectual, though plain,  
    But plainness was your lot at birth.  
I know forever you are mine  
And would not have it changed, and yet  
    My fancies roam  
    Far, far from home  
And, fleeting, turn back to Ninette.

But you must pardon fancies' faults,  
    They flicker, then they disappear.  
Henceforth I'll seal tight mem'ries vaults  
    And live each day for you, my dear.  
Why, do you think that I'd change you  
For ninety Ninettes, if I could?  
    Well, Dorothy,  
    'Twixt you and me,  
I'll tell the cockeyed world I would.

*The Stars and Stripes.*

*Tyler H. Bliss.*

## 'TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

The other day I met Elnathan Cobb.  
"So-so," the old man said. "I've just been down  
To get my paper. Three days out of five  
Those dratted mail-clerks take the papers on  
To Canaan or to Sheffield or some place,  
Then send them down upon the four o'clock,  
And we don't get them until almost night.  
They're wearing watch-charms big as goose-eggs now  
And fancy socks, It's no use to complain.  
Nobody dares say 'Boo'; their votes all count.  
They do just what they please. Why should they care  
Whether we hayseeds get the news or not?  
When I hear folks like them make constant fuss  
About their wrongs and rights, I sometimes think  
How I was sexton of the First Church here,  
In the late fifties, right before the war.  
I swept the building out and built the fires;  
Cleaned, filled, and lit the lamps and rang the bell.  
I never missed a service. I received  
Five dollars yearly. Abner Estabrook,  
The senior deacon, after meeting once  
Called me aside, out in the entryway.  
I wondered what was up. 'Bub' Abner said,  
'Does the committee pay you well enough?'  
'Yes, sir,' I said. (Oh, he was pretty smooth,  
Was Abner!) 'Well, then, don't you think,' said he—  
He really meant it, too—"that you can spare  
Something for foreign missions?" Yes, he did."  
"And so, of course, you gave your bit?" I laughed.  
"What asked Elnathan Cobb," do you suppose  
Abner would say if he came back to-day?"

*New York Tribune.*

*S. G. B.*

## A WOMAN.

A woman is queer there's no doubt about that,  
She hates to be thin, she hates to be fat.  
One minute its laughter, the next is a cry,  
You can't understand her, however you try;  
But there's one thing about her which everyone knows,  
A woman's not dressed till she powders her nose.  
You never can tell what a woman will say,  
She's a law to herself every hour of the day.

It keeps a man guessing to know what to do,  
And mostly he's wrong when his guessing is through.  
But this you can bet on wherever she goes,  
She'll find some occasion to powder her nose.

At church or a ball game, a dance or a show,  
There's one thing about her I know that I know.  
At weddings or funerals, dinners of taste,  
You can bet that her hand will dive into her waist,  
And every few minutes she'll strike up a pose,  
And the whole world must wait till she powders her nose.  
*Washington Times.* *John J. Gallagher.*

### THE WORM IN THE BUD.

She was youthful, she was fair,  
And deep gold her curly hair,  
And her dimpled cheeks were blushing like the rose;  
She was dainty and petite  
And her voice was very sweet—  
And she wore a lot of powder on her nose!

Her eyes were wells of blue;  
Her brows were ebon hue,  
And her lashes matched the sable wings of crows,  
And her rosebud of a mouth  
Gave forth a fragrance of the South—  
And she wore a lot of powder on her nose!

Her frock, le dernier cri,  
Was purchased in Pa-ree,  
And the skirt was 'way above her dainty toes;  
Like a lily on its stalk  
She'd sway as she would walk—  
And she wore a lot of powder on her nose!

In good taste her lavalier; .  
And her wrist watch de rigueur;  
And below, a perfect pair of silken hose;  
And her hat and furs were splendid,  
But my joy in her was ended—  
For she wore a lot of powder on her nose!  
*New York Herald.* *E. R. Evans.*

## BORDER BALLADS.

### I.

Boatman, I'll gie thee a siller pound  
To set me o'er yon ferry,  
To clink a can in Canady,  
Where all is kind and merry.  
Boatman, I'll gie thee pounds and pence,  
Or all that you may lack,  
To set me down in Walkerville,  
And never take me back.

### II.

Now here's to brave Horatius  
That swam the boiling tide!  
What made him so audicious?  
Falernian inside.

And here's to young Leander  
That swam the Hellespont!  
What gave him all his dander?  
A drink from Bacchus' font.

And here's our border chivalry,  
Bold sons of Cadillac,  
That ride to merry Windsor dry  
And come a-swimming back.

*Chicago Tribune.*

*Pan.*

## AULD LANG SYNE.

In Scotia yince men didna think  
It was a crime to tak a drink;  
They werna selfish, soor nor sad,  
And thought that whiskey wasna bad  
They gathered every noo and then  
Wi' cronies who were rantin men,  
And owre a glass or twa they sang  
Until the ancient rafters rang.  
But noo the unco guild will fight  
To take awa' a Scotchman's right  
To doucely meet and raise a glass  
In honoh o' some bonnie lass.  
If they succeed then hearts will bleed  
In money hames ayont the Tweed,  
For cantile days o' ould lang syne.  
Where drouthy shiels will aften pine.

*Chicago Tribune.*

*Thistledown.*

## THE DEMON DEAD.

They've got you, friend Grogg—and the grave  
Now the base of your business, old boy!  
While the big and the bold and brave  
Are joining in jubilant joy;  
The wronged were oft wiser than weak,  
And each sot was still somebody's son—  
And the battle, tho bloody and bleak,  
And the world-old the war, has been won.

To death and the devil wariant men drank,  
And breeding and bearing their blight,  
In shame and in sorrow they sank—  
And never at noon or at night,  
Tho prayed with and pleaded with, paused,  
And terror, and trouble and toil.  
Made costly the cup that has caused  
The blood in our bosoms to boil.

Our road was a rough one—but right;  
And, scanning the substance and sum,  
We feel that we fought a good fight  
When we routed the renegade—Rum;  
Now his pleasures and profits are past,  
Bless the conflict that crumpled his crown,  
He looted us long, but at last,  
To his doom the old dragon went down.

*Chicago Tribune.*

*Henry Reed Conant.*



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President and Secretary of Palen & Burns, Wholesale Lumber and Coal. For many years President Buffalo Children's Aid Society. Warden in the Protestant Episcopal Church, Member, Committee of Management Central Branch Y. M. C. A. Home, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Born at Danvers, Mass. 1867. Educated in Danvers Public Schools, and Massachusetts Norman Art School. Writer of juvenile stories and poetry, under the pen name of Hobart Clear. Books, *The Green Garnet*, and *Blake Redding*. Her husband is head of the Greek department, Miami University. Home, Oxford, Ohio.

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1849. Physician. Educated at University of Ver-  
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and Harvard University. Author of *Light and*  
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New Salem, Mass.

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vate tutors, St. Mary's (Episcopal) School for  
Girls, Garden City, N. J. Finished in music and

languages in Paris, France. Occupation housewife. Interests: literature, theatre, out-of-door sport, social service. Volunteer Red Cross Nurse during the war. Home, New York City.

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PHILLIPS, MARIE TELLO. (Mrs. Watson P. Phillips). Interests: Music and Art. Home, Ingram Pa.

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POOLE, LOUELLA C. Born in Boston, Mass. Home Boston, Mass.

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REAGAN, ALBERT B. Educated at Central Normal School, Edmond, Oklahoma, 1895-98; Calparasion University, 1898-99; University of New Mexico, 1899-1902; University of Indiana, 1903-04, receiving degrees of A. B. and A. M. Leland Stanford University 1908. Principal Southern Ute Boarding School, Kayenta, Arizona. Author of "*Don Siego*."

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REED, ELENOR COCHRANE, (Mrs. Prentiss B. Reed.) Born at Anderson, S. C. 1882. Member Author's League of New York. Graduated from Converse College, Spartanburg, S. C. 1901, University of Chicago, 1904. Active in Southern Association of College Women and Educational work in Alabama. On the Birmingham, Ala. Committee, Second Liberty Loan. Home, Ossining, N. Y.

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RICE, RALPH REID. Born in Buffalo, N. Y. 1884. Home, North Tonowanda N. Y.

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ROGERS, JOSEPH W. Physician. Home, Macon, Go.

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SAMPSON, HENRY T. Born in New York City, 1897. Attended Stuyvesants high school there Graduated 1915. Served two years with Yankee (26th) Division in France. Received Ph. B., Brown University, Providence, R. I. 1921. Staff of Providence Journal. Co-Writer "The War Story of C Battery."

While You Forget the Dead .....64

SAUNDERS, WHITE LAW. Born at Wamego, Kas. Graduated from high school. Educated musically in the East. Teacher of Piano. Leader of the Department of Music in the Kansas Author's Club. Interests: Travel and the collecting of Literary Manuscripts. Home, Wamego, Kansas.

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SCRUGGS, J. E. Born at West Point, Ga. 1890. Salesman. Home, Atlanta, Ga.

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SEYMOUR, GEOGRE STEELE. Born in Jersey City, N. J. 1878. Accountant. Graduate Kent College of Law. Member of the Bar of Illinois. Founder and past President of the Empire State Society, Chicago. With his wife, Flora Warren Seymour,



organized in 1919. The Order of Bookfellows. Author of *A Guide Book of New York*; *A Year Book of the Empire State Society of Chicago*; *Adventures With Books and Autographs*. Joint author of *Estrays*. Home, Chicago, Ill.

Rose Garden; Jackson Park .....19

Statute of the Republic .....101

SHELDON, LURANA. Born at Hadley, Conn. A descendent of Johnathan Edwards. Wife of Judge I. F. Ferris of York County, Maine. Novelist,, poet, lecturer. Editor of two weekly newspapers. (See Redpath's Library of Universal Literature). Home, Old Orchard, Maine.

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SMITH, LEWIS WORTHINGTON. Born at Malta, Ill. 1866. Educated at Beloit College, Fairfield College, and Cotner University. Professor Drake University. Literary Editor and Critic. Author of text-books, serials and poems. Home, Des Moines, Iowa.

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SOUTHERLAND, MYRTELLA. (Mrs. Frank V. Keip.) Born in Raisin Valley, Mich., 1881. Writer and musician. Home, Adrian, Mich.

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STAHL, E. WAYNE. Born near Monica, Ill. 1878.  
Educated at Simpson College, Columbia School of  
Expression, Garrett Biblical Institute, Northwestern  
University. Minister. Home, Rock Island, Ill.

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STEPHENS, WILLIAM V. V. Born in New York  
City. Construction engineer and farmer. Home,  
Yonkers, N. Y.

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STEWART, LUELLA. Born in Philadelphia, Pa. In-  
terests: Music, art and theatre. Home, Brooklyn,  
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THOMAS, EDITH M. Born in Chatham, Ohio. Edu-  
cated Geneva Normal Institute. Author of a num-  
ber of books of verse. Home, New York City.

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VAN CLEVE, MRS. FLORENCE (Andem.) Born in  
Washington, D. C. 1870. Poet and literature. Home,  
New York, City.

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VAN DER VEER, STEWART. Home, Enid, Okla.

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VAUGHN, EMMA UPTON. Born in Kalamazoo, Mich. "My vocation is teaching; my avocation is writing, and my fad is raising flowers, mostly of the perennial kind." Home, Kansas City, Kansas.

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WADSWORTH, CHARLES FREDERICK. Born in Auburn, Ill. 1867. Began to set type in 1874. Connected with the newspaper business all his life—printer, linotype operator, foreman, traveler for the Western Newspaper Union, editor WNU service at Denver, manager Denver branch WNU. Editor *Publisher's Auxiliary*. Composer of words and music of two ballads: *Dreams of You* and *Bring Back My Baby Plaything*, "Interested in everything." Home, Chicago, Ill.

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WALKER, WILLIAM R. Born in Ireland 1878. Clerk for the Shell Oil Company of California. Home, Seattle, Washington.

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WOLFF, ETHEL. Born in London, England 1878. Home, Boston, Mass.

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BUDDIES. Poems published in the *Stars and Stripes*.  
Eastern Supply Co., Washington, D. C.

FRASIER, SCOTTIE McKENZIE. *Fugots of Fancy*.  
The Progressive Publishers, Wheeling, W. Va.

KELSEY, LeROY HURON. *Poems of Optimism* Bur-  
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SEYMOUR, GEORGE STEELE. *Estrays*. Pub-  
lished by the Bookfellows. Chicago, Ill.

WENTWORTH, EDWARD C. *Scattered Leaves* The  
Book House, 17 North State St. Chicago, Ill.

GOODHUE, E. S. *On the Reserve and Other Poems*.  
You Bet Publishing Co., The Stockade, Ualapue,  
Pukoo, Molokai, Hawaii.



































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